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The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1858, and is now in its one hundred and forty-ninth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Resolving so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

Local Matters.

Board of Aldermen.

There was a meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, at which a number of matters were brought up. The investigation into the administration of Bowen B. Sweet as keeper of the city cemetery was the important feature of the session. Mr. Sweet being present with Max Levy as attorney. He was questioned at considerable length in regard to cemetery affairs, and it developed that he had been sold for his personal profit and that two lots had been disposed of by him, but apparently he was acting in good faith and in accordance with the consent of former cemetery committees. There seemed to be no system of properly marking the graves, and it also appeared that the keeper was giving considerable of his time to other purposes, but there was nothing to show that the cemetery has not been well kept up. The questioning was done principally by Aldermen Boyle and Cottrell, with Mayor Clarke presiding. A resolution was passed instructing the city solicitor to prepare an act permitting the city to use a fund of \$447 for the purpose of putting in hydrants which are badly needed.

Mrs. James H. Barney, Sr., explained her claim for \$4,000 for damages received by a fall on the sidewalk on Fourth street on May 9. Dr. John H. Sweet, Jr., was present and explained the nature of her illness.

Mrs. Emily Duffin also presented her claim of \$2,500 for injuries received by a fall on Thames street on September 25. Both claimants were represented by Attorney Levy.

Representative Council.

The second meeting of the representative council was called for Friday night for the purpose of approving the budget and transacting whatever other business might be presented. It had been expected to have the meeting earlier, some time in January, but owing to the struggles of the committee of twenty-five with the budget and the legal requirement that the report of the committee shall be in the hands of the taxpayers seven days before the meeting, it was found impossible to hold it before. In consequence of the delay there has been a scarcity of funds for the various departments, as at the January meeting only sufficient money was appropriated to run the city during the month. This difficulty was overcome by Mayor Clarke who was able to prevail upon several public-spirited citizens to advance enough money for the pay rolls until the appropriations are available.

At the meeting on Friday night it was expected that the matter of improvement to Long wharf would come up. Although this is being strongly advocated in some quarters there are many others who think that the city has done all that is required for the improvement of the wharf and that if the city has money to spend it should be used in some manner that will increase the business of the city.

A new passenger steamer is being built for the Fall River Line of the New England Navigation Company. It is pointed out that this will be the finest vessel of her kind afloat. Radical departures from the established style of the Fall River Line vessels are indicated by the dining saloon on the upper deck, and the elevators and bath rooms for the use of passengers.

One of Champlin's launches was disabled by striking a cake of ice in the harbor while taking a party of soldiers to Fort Adams last Saturday night. The launch was beached on Goat Island and word was telephoned to the city for another craft to continue the voyage. Some of the soldiers succeeded in getting overboard and there was quite a lively time for a while.

Zero Weather.

Last Monday night was one of the most trying of the season. It had been cold during the day but with the coming of darkness, the temperature fell rapidly and as a strong northwest wind prevailed the cold was very penetrating. Thermometers showed a frigidly hovering around the zero mark and it was a very uncomfortable night to be out. As the citizens of Newport sat around their comfortable fires and enjoyed the comfort of their snug homes they little realized that but a few miles away men, women and children were struggling for their lives in the icy waters off our shores, and with only the flimsy protection of their nightclothes were succumbing to the wintry blasts or meeting a more merciful death in the waters of the deep. Had they known of these horrors that were being enacted at their very doors they could not have enjoyed the comfort of their warm firesides or the calm repose of their soft beds.

Tuesday held cold all day and even in the sun there was little indication of a thaw. It gave every indication of being another cold night and proved to be hardly less severe than the preceding, although the wind had abated. Wednesday it warmed up considerably, and the snow melted freely in the sun. Thursday saw a great rise in temperature and the streets ran with water from the melting snow. Fortunately the street commissioner had been active and had had a large force of men at work clearing the gutters, so that the sudden thaw did not catch them unawares. But even so, the walking was very bad, and Thames street was for a time a deep mess of water and slush.

There was a fall in temperature again during Thursday night and the temperature was a few degrees below the freezing point Friday morning.

Although the changeable weather has somewhat inconvenienced the ice men, the temperature has for the last few weeks averaged low enough so that they were enabled to house good crops of ice. The harvest is practically completed and the houses are all full. Although when cutting was first begun the ice was very thin, before the crop was all in it ran up to twelve inches which is considered to be about the best size for proper handling. Too thick ice is a little deemed as too thin because, while its keeping qualities are better, it is too clumsy for the refrigerator.

The new Independent Ice and Cold Storage Company has had a small army of teams at work cutting the crop from Green End to its houses on the wharf. There has been an active scene at the houses where the ice was being rushed into the yet uncompleted buildings. But the work went smoothly.

Eastern Star Whist.

Aquiduck Chapter, No. 7, O. E. S., held a whist at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Langley on Hope street Thursday evening and there was a large number present to enjoy a social evening. There were twelve prizes and the winners were allowed to select the article they preferred as the highest scores were called. Some of the ladies took the part of gentlemen, but these prizes were appropriate for either.

The winners, according to the highest scores, were as follows: Mrs. Ernest V. Sandstrom and Mr. John P. Sanborn, Mrs. E. A. G. Smith and Mr. Herbert Bliss, Mrs. Maxwell and Mr. Karl Stone, Mrs. Herbert Bliss and Mrs. Elta A. MacDonald, Mrs. Arthur A. Poppel and Miss Ada E. Gosling, Miss Corn M. Gosling and Mr. William Stevens. Refreshments were served throughout the evening.

Tuesday was the anniversary of the death of Abraham Lincoln and was appropriately observed as Grand Army Day. Flags were displayed on public and private buildings and special commemorative exercises were held in the public schools. A detail from the Grand Army posts was in attendance and the exercises were carried out in accordance with the suggested form in the pamphlets issued by the State commissioner of public schools.

Mr. Gustave Hamilton died at the Newport Hospital on Wednesday after a considerable illness. He was well known about the city, having been engaged in business here until about two years ago. He was in the employ of the late Edward N. Lawton for a number of years and afterward conducted the carpet and matting business for himself. He is survived by a widow and several children.

Miss Susan Sanford died at the residence of Hon. William P. Sheffield on Washington square, Monday morning after a brief illness in the eighty-first year of her age. She was a daughter of the late Samuel Sanford and a sister of the late Mrs. Sheffield. Funeral services were held from her late residence, 325 Broadway on Wednesday at 2 o'clock, being attended by relatives and friends.

Anniversary of Forty-Miners.

Fifty-eight years ago the staunch ship Audley Clarke cleared from Newport for California, bearing with her the flower of the adventurous spirit of Newport and some of the neighboring towns. Fired by the tales of gold discoveries in the far West an organization of gold seekers had been formed some time before, all the passengers and crew of the Audley Clarke being shareholders in the company. The officers of the organization were William A. Coggeshall, president, Aaron F. Dyer, treasurer, and George W. Langley, secretary. The directors were William A. Coggeshall, George Vaughn, Isaiah Crooker, Charles Cozzens, Levi Johnson, Ayrault W. Dennis, and James H. Demarest. The ship Audley Clarke was owned by the company and certain of the stockholders volunteered as crew, receiving regular pay for their services. Captain Ayrault W. Dennis was in command of the ship, Charles Cozzens was the first mate, and George B. Slocum the second mate. The stewards and cooks were William W. Morris, Benjamin Malbone, Wm. H. Gardner, Oliver Hazard.

On February 15th, 1849, the Audley Clarke sailed from Newport on her long voyage around Cape Horn. The passengers and crew were made up as follows: Samuel Young, James M. K. Southwick, Freeman M. Hoxie, George H. Tilley, Joseph M. Lyon, George Bestly, William K. Lawton, Arnold Pearce, James H. Demarest, Oliver Carpenter, George Crandall, John H. Spooner, John C. Caswell, Benjamin A. Sayer, Stephen L. Hoff, Thomas Crauston, George Vaughn, Isaiah Crooker, Charles Cozzens, Levi Johnson, Ayrault W. Dennis, William H. White, William T. Dennis, George W. Babcock, George B. Slocum, John Y. McKenzie, William Stevens, 3rd, Edw. Van Chambers, Weld Hatch, Aaron F. Dyer, Jacob Lake, Robert P. Clarke, George W. Langley, Frederick A. Murphy, John Tompkins, Joseph Southwick, Jr., John S. Hudson, William Welch, Benjamin Cozzens, Irving H. Knowles, Charles B. Clark, William A. Coggeshall, George J. Starg, Michael Cottrell, Joseph King, Samuel B. Friend, Benjamin Brown, William H. Fladder, Thomas Barlow, John H. Cox, Joseph N. Riggs, Joseph P. Barker, John Freeman, William Weyesser, Hiram G. Harrington, and William E. Dennis, all of Newport; Amos T. Whitford, Zachariah Chace, Nathaniel F. Wardwell, Charles Fales, of Bristol; Cornelius E. Cummings, Joseph W. Arnold, George H. Whenton, Robert Graham, Jeremiah C. Bliss, of Providence; Richard Barstow, Josiah M. Barstow, of Massachusetts; Moses A. Lewis, Eliza P. Kenyon, of South Kingstown; Edison Stewart, of Boston.

After a voyage of 195 days, comprising both smooth, pleasant sea, and tempestuous gales, the Audley Clarke on September 4, 1849, dropped anchor in the harbor of San Francisco. The passengers and crew at once started for the gold fields. The association did not stick together, but the members scattered where they thought they could do the best. Some went to work individually, and others associated themselves with small companies. The Audley Clarke was hailed part way up the Sacramento River to a small settlement called New York, where there were only a few houses, and some of the members returning from the mines, took her back to San Francisco and spent the winter on board of her. Afterwards the Audley Clarke was sold, and while in use as a storehouse was burned.

Of the men who went out on the Audley Clarke some were successful in their search for gold, and after a time drifted back to the East. Others settled permanently in the West, and died there. Of the large company that sailed for the land of gold fifty-eight years ago but few are now known to be living.

Mr. James M. K. Southwick is still engaged in the conduct of a prosperous business in this city, as he has been for many years. Mr. George B. Slocum, who was for a number of years a very popular captain on a line of steamers running from New York to Buenos Ayres, and Mr. William T. Dennis both reside in this city, and Mr. William E. Dennis left here for California with his son last summer. Mr. Joseph W. Arnold is living in Cambridge, and still visits Newport occasionally. Mr. William Stevens, 3rd, is in a Soldiers' Home near Bridgeport, Conn., and Mr. Benjamin Cozzens is in the Soldiers' Home at Bristol. Messrs. George Crandall and John C. Caswell were living in California the last that was known and it is thought that they are still living. All the others, it is believed, have passed away.

One of the most recent deaths from among this hardy band of "Forty-miners" was that of Hiram G. Harrington, who died in Fall River last week. He was a son of George Harrington and was born on this island.

This article was compiled mainly from data in the possession of Mr.

James M. K. Southwick. If the descendants of any of these men can make any corrections to the facts as they are given, either the Mercury or Mr. Southwick would be glad to hear from them.

The Larchmont Disaster.

Newport was horror stricken when the first tidings of the terrible disaster off Rhode Island shores reached here Tuesday forenoon. Newport is so closely associated and connected with the Sound steamers that any accident to one of them always comes home to Newporters with a personal touch. And the thought of the helpless passengers perishing in the bitter cold of the night horrified all.

As soon as the first word was received of the accident, and before it was known where the disaster occurred any more than that the survivors were being landed on Block Island, the Government tug Chickasaw was sent out from the Torpedo Station with orders to reach Block Island if it could be done without unnecessary risk. The seas were running mountain high and a strong north west gale was blowing when the little tug with her brave crew started out, but the craft was not sufficiently seaworthy to stand the buffeting that she received. When she was a few miles off Block Island she was reported to be making water rapidly and nothing could be done but put back to port. Full speed was put on and the Chickasaw rushed back for harbor and arrived here with gaping seams and with a thick coating of ice from stem to stern.

When the Duntelson went to Block Island on Tuesday she found a large number of passengers awaiting her at Newport. Special correspondents, photographers and others were on their way to the island, while on the same vessel were others who had started for a far different errand—to assist in a musical entertainment at Block Island.

It was thought by some that the steamer Kentucky, which carried the dead and living from Block Island to Providence Wednesday afternoon, would pass through the outer harbor, but although there were many on the watch for her she was not seen here as the West passage was chosen as the course.

It is reported that a soldier from one of the forts in this vicinity was among the passengers, but nothing seems to be known about him here. Vigil Stanley Millikin of Boston, who is reported among the missing, was formerly a resident of Block Island and was a son of Mr. Herbert S. Millikin, the real estate agent, who has a large acquaintance in Newport.

The Larchmont disaster was undoubtedly the worst since the burning of the Shalom in New York harbor. It was probably the worst that ever occurred in the waters surrounding Rhode Island. It was a sad time for Block Island, but the lives saved and the residents conducted themselves like the heroes that they are.

A Broadway Fire.

There was another fire in the building on Broadway near the foot of Mann avenue owned by Mr. Joseph Bush early Tuesday morning. A belated passer shortly before 4 o'clock in the morning discovered flames rising from the rear of the building and notified the officer on the beat who immediately pulled in an alarm from Box 23. There was a family living on the second floor and they were at once awakened and prepared to leave the building which was already filled with smoke.

When the apparatus responded they found quite a fire in the rear of the candy shop in the north part of the building. It was blazing merrily and although it took but a brief time to kill the flame it was a considerable fight before the fire was entirely out and the apparatus could return to their houses.

The fire apparently originated in a barrel of excelsior or some similar inflammable substance under a stairway at the rear. The flames communicated with the building and had they not been discovered in time a bad fire would have resulted. As it was most of the damage was confined to the outside of the building, although the inside was slightly injured.

This was the third fire to occur in the Bush building since it was remodeled some years ago. The first was caused by a candle burning over from a cook stove and the second was caused by an explosion of gasoline in the tailor shop in the south store.

Mrs. Joseph S. Allan and Mrs. John H. Sweet, who are spending the winter in Germany, expect to go to Italy the middle of March, where they will spend several weeks in sight seeing.

Mr. Charles Rickerton, formerly of this city, but now of Pawtucket, celebrated the seventy-second anniversary of his birth on Thursday.

School Committee.

The regular monthly meeting of the public school committee was held on Monday evening when routine business was transacted.

The report of Superintendent Lull contained the following items:

The total enrollment for the month ending January 25 was 3,707, the average belonging 3,867.4, the average attending 3,651.9, the per cent. of attendance 90.6, cases of tardiness 459, and the cases of dismissal 53.

The enrollment in the Townsend Industrial School was 1,177.

The statistics for the evening schools for four weeks ending February 8 were as follows:

	Enrolled	Attendance
Elementary	161	46.1
Medicinal drawing	17	8
Bookkeeping	21	13
Stenography and Typewriting	25	9.2
Cooking	17	17
Freehand drawing	29	2.7

The Board of Health has reported 12 cases of scarlet fever and one case of diphtheria since January 14, and 17 children have been excluded from school on account of these cases of contagious disease.

The expenditures for January were as follows: Finance committee, \$1,812.33; committee on teachers, \$5,581.35; committee on buildings, \$1,194.57; committee on textbooks, \$172.99; total, \$12,661.13. Deposited for tuition for the second term (ending January 25) \$1,044.00. The Teachers' Retirement Fund now amounts to \$19,106.15.

The school census which must be taken in January, includes all those children who have passed their fifth birthday but have not yet reached their sixteenth. Mr. Taylor has reported 2,074 children of census age and Mr. Howard 2,220. This total is 61 larger than the returns of last year. As the teachers of the public schools stated that they had 3,238 pupils of census age in January, and as there are at least 1,000 other children in the schools in the city, the grand total as reported by Messrs. Taylor and Howard seems to be reasonably accurate.

This grand total shows 2,183 boys and 2,169 girls (more boys, it will be noticed than girls). This number (4,352) includes 103 children five years old, 406 six years old, 481 seven years old, 380 eight years, 416 nine years, 360 ten years, 373 eleven years, 419 twelve years, 388 thirteen years, 360 fourteen years, and 360 fifteen years. By the new State law even those 15 years old must have labor certificates. The census is recorded, as it was last year, on family cards prepared for seven children and then catalogued. It may be of some interest to know that three families have full cards and that 22 others have six. In one of the 22 all six are girls.

At this date 39 of the 71 rooms of grades I-IX have an enrollment of 45 or more pupils and 18 of 50 or more. Based on the average number belonging, 19 rooms have 45 or more pupils. In all the six rooms of grade VII the averages, based as before, are 51.3 and 47.4. If the children could be divided evenly among the 71 rooms the average per room based on enrollment would be 47.7 and on average belonging 46, but it is evident that the dwelling places make such a division impossible. These 71 rooms do not include the kindergartens, any room in the Townsend, the Rogers, or the Coles.

Mr. William S. Pitman has given the boys of the Rogers 15 lessons in the gymnasium since January 2. As a sufficient number to make a class were unable on account of work to attend the afternoon lessons on Mondays and Thursdays, a special class was formed for Wednesday evening. The classes have numbered 44 and 24 and they show great interest in the energetic work of the instructor.

The report of Truant Officer Topham contained the following:

Number of cases investigated (reported by teachers), 184; number out for illness and other causes, 171; number of cases of truancy, (public), 10; parental, 8; 13; number of different children truant, 11; number found not attending school, 13; number sent to public schools, 9; number sent to parochial schools, 3; number of certificates issued, 11; number of certificates issued to children over 15 years of age, under the new law, 3.

January 14 a boy was arrested for habitual truancy; he pleaded guilty and was placed on probation. January 26 two boys were arraigned for smoking cigarettes in and about Larchmont school; they pleaded guilty, one was fined \$2, the other was fined \$3, because it was his second offense. I recommend the prosecution of John F. Sullivan, 16 Candler avenue; William H. James, Edna L. James, and Ethel M. James, 8 Cozzens court, for not attending school according to law.

The truant officer was authorized to prosecute as recommended if there is no improvement. Mr. Peckham reported for the finance committee that the committee of twenty-five has recommended to the representative council that the school appropriation be reduced about \$3,500 from the amount asked.

A communication was received from the secretary of the Aquiduck Cottage Industries stating that there is under consideration a plan to establish an industry for boys and men similar to that for women, and asking permission to use the plant in the Industrial School if it is needed. The communication was referred to the committee on Industrial School to investigate and to grant the permission if it seems best.

A vote of thanks was received from the Civic League for the use of the Coler building for a meeting.

The Scott Wrecking Company is at work on tug Richmond which went ashore near Fort Adams last week.

Recent Deaths.

Paul Euler.

Mr. Paul Euler died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Thomas G. S. Turner, in Providence, on Friday of last week, at the age of eighty-four years. He was a native of Germany, but came to this country when a comparatively young man, settling in Newport, where he had made his home for about fifty years. He was a painter by trade, being at one time a member of the firm of Peckham & Euler. During the latter years of his life he was steward of the German Club and held that position until failing health, caused by his advanced years, compelled him to give up work. Shortly after he went to Providence, where three of his daughters were residing, making his home the latter days of his life with Mrs. Turner. Mr. Euler was one of the oldest of the German residents and had a host of friends in Newport. He was three times married. Besides his widow, four children survive him: Mrs. John W. Lyons, Mrs. T. G. S. Turner, and Miss Pauline A. Euler of Providence, and Mrs. George Gadsby of Stone Bridge, Tiverton.

Funeral services were held from the residence of his daughter on Pallas street, Providence, on Monday morning and were largely attended. Rev. Allen Greene, curate of Grace Church, officiated. The body was brought to Newport and services held at the City Cemetery at half-past one. Rev. Stanley C. Hughes, assistant rector of Trinity Church, being in charge of the committal service. Among the beautiful floral offerings was one from Ullia Lodge, D. O. H., who attended in a body. The interment was in the family lot.

Schuyler H. Hla.

Mr. Schuyler Hamilton died at his home in Norwalk, Conn., on Wednesday, having been ill only a few days. He was a summer resident here for many years, owning a cottage on Harrison avenue, which was sold some years since to Mr. J. Clinch Smith. He was a frequent visitor to Newport. Some time ago he purchased an estate in Norwalk, where he had since resided.

Mr. Hamilton was a son of the late Alexander Hamilton. He was born in Washington, D. C., January 4, 1853. He was a graduate of Columbia University and the Columbia School of Mines and was a skillful architect.

Mr. Hamilton was three times married. His first wife was Miss Gertrude Van Cortlandt Wells, from whom he became divorced. Three children were born to them. He afterward married for his second wife, Miss Jane Byrd Mercer, who died in 1892. One child was born to them. In 1932 he married Mrs. Helbard, widow of Rev. Dr. George Helbard, of South Norwalk, who survives him; also a daughter ten years old.

Rev. J. Edith Brown of Norwalk, Conn., officiated at Trinity church last Sunday.

Mr. Everett Bryant is at St. Augustine, Fla.

Middletown.

After a week of unrelenting labor, the school committee was able to open on Monday a temporary school for the children of the burned Wilburton schoolhouse, in the workshop of Mr. B. U. H. Peckham on Hoxeyman Hill. The attendance upon the first day numbered 19 in the morning and 20 in the afternoon but during portions of the remainder of the week the school was obliged to be closed as it could not be sufficiently heated during the severe weather.

A cottage service of the Berkeley Parish was held on Sunday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Howard G. Peckham on Paradise avenue, conducted by Rev. John B. Dorian.

Under the auspices of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, an interesting lecture was given Tuesday evening at the M. E. vestry by the gifted young state president, Mrs. Deborah Knox Livingston, of Providence. Mrs. Livingston is also a lecturer of the National W. C. T. U. and is a very eloquent speaker. Her theme was "The Activities and Achievements of the Women's Christian Temperance Union," and was a summary of the advancement made in temperance ideas and principles along all lines of business as well as an encouraging report of work accomplished along the many lines of work covered by this vast union which numbers half a million people who are found all over the world. A social and light refreshments followed the close of the lecture.

Ash Wednesday was observed at the Episcopal churches by a morning service at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel where Rev. Stanley C. Hughes of Trinity Church officiated, and by an evening service at St. Mary's, Portsmouth, conducted by the rector, Rev. Allen Jacobs. A mid-week service will be held through Lent by each of these churches and also at Holy Cross Chapel, Middletown, which is under Mr. Jacobs' charge.

Mrs. James Taber is reported as getting along as comfortably as the serious nature of her disease (diphtheria) will allow. If the strength of the heart action can be sustained her illness is expected to terminate favorably. Her three children are with their grandmother, Mrs. Pebe G. Taber, who is a guest of her sister, Mrs. R. J. Grinnell.

The MASQUERADER

By Katherine Cecil Thurston,
Author of "The Circle," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

LILLIAN'S plan of action was arrived at before he reached Trafalgar square. The facts of the case were simple. Chilcote had left an incriminating telegram on the bureau in the morning room at Grosvenor square. By an unlikely chance Lillian's strategy had been shown up into that room, where she had remained until the moment that Eve, either by request or by accident, had found her there. The facts resolved themselves into one question: What use to Lillian ready of those solitary moments? Without deviation, Lillian's mind turned toward one answer. Lillian was not the woman to lose an opportunity, whether the space at her command was long or short.

So convinced was he that, reaching Trafalgar square, he stopped and hailed a hansom.

"Cadogan gardens?" he called. "No. 33."

The moments seemed very few before the cab drew up beside the curb and he caught his second glimpse of the chambered door with its silver fittings. Instantly he pressed the bell the door was opened by Lillian's discreet, deferential maid-servant.

"Is Lady Astrupp at home?" he asked.

The maid looked thoughtful. "Her ladyship is at home, sir," he began cautiously.

But Lillian interrupted him. "Ask her to send me," he said emphatically.

The servant expressed no surprise. His only comment was to throw the door wide.

"If you'll wait in the white room, sir," he said, "I'll fetch her ladyship." Chilcote was evidently a frequent and a favored visitor.

In this manner Loder for the second time entered the house so unfamiliar and yet so familiar in all that it suggested. Entering the drawing room, he had leisure to look about him. It was a beautiful room, large and lofty. Luxury was evident on every hand, but it was not the luxury that pulls or offends. Each object was graceful and possessed its own intrinsic value. The atmosphere was too effusive to appeal to him, but he acknowledged the taste and artistic delicacy it conveyed. Almost at the moment of acknowledgment the door opened to admit Lillian.

"I thought it would be you," she said emphatically.

Loder came forward. "You expected me?" he said guardedly. A sudden conviction filled him that it was not the evidence of her eyes, but something at once subtler and more definite that prompted her recognition of him.

She smiled. "Why should I expect you? On the contrary, I'm waiting to know why you're here?"

He was silent for an instant. Then he answered in her own light tone. "As far as that goes," he said, "let's make it my duty call—having dined with you. I'm an old-fashioned person."

For a full second she surveyed him unsmiling. Then at last she spoke. "My dear Jack," she said, "I never imagined you punctilious. I should have thought bohemian would have been more the word."

Loder felt disconcerted and annoyed. Either, like himself, she was fishing for information or she was deliberately playing with him. In his perplexity he glanced across the room toward the fireplace.

Lillian saw the look. "Won't you sit down?" she said, indicating the couch. "I promise not to make you smoke. I shan't even ask you to take off your gloves!"

Loder made no movement. His mind was unobscuredly upset. It was nearly a fortnight since he had seen Lillian, and in the interval her attitude had changed, and the change puzzled him. It might mean the philosophy of a woman who, knowing herself without adequate weapons, withdraws from a combat that has proved fruitless, or it might imply the merely cattish desire to toy with a certainty. He looked quickly at the delicate face, the green eyes somewhat obliquely set, the unreliable mouth, and instantly he inclined to the latter theory. The conviction that she possessed the telegram filled him suddenly, and with it came the desire to put his belief to the test—to know beyond question whether her smiling unconcern meant malice or mere entertainment.

"When you first came into the room," he said quietly, "I thought I thought it would be you." Why did you say that? Again she smiled—the smile that might be malicious or might be merely amused. "Oh," she answered at last. "I only meant that though I had been told Jack Chilcote wanted me, it wasn't Jack Chilcote I expected to see!"

After her statement there was a pause. Loder's position was difficult. Instinctively convinced that, strong in the possession of her proof, she was enjoying his lusterized discomfort, he yet craved the actual evidence that should set his suspicions to rest. Acting upon the desire, he made a new beginning.

"Do you know why I came?" he asked.

Lillian looked up innocently. "It's so hard to be certain of anything in this world," she said. "But one is always at liberty to guess."

Again he was perplexed. Her attitude was not quite the attitude of one who controls the game, and yet—He looked at her with a puzzled scrutiny. Women for him had always spelled the incomprehensible. He was at his best, his strongest, his surest, in the presence of men. Feeling his disadvantage, yet determined to gain his end, he made a last attempt.

"How do you amuse yourself at Grosvenor square this morning before

Eve came to you?" he asked. The effort was awkwardly blunt, but it was direct.

Lillian was buttoning her glove. She did not raise her head as he spoke, but her fingers paused in their task. For a second she remained motionless; then she looked up slowly.

"Oh," she said sweetly, "so I was right in my guess? You did come to find out whether I sat in the morning room with my hands in my lap or wandered about in search of entertainment?"

Loder colored with annoyance and apprehension. Every body, every tone, of Lillian was disconcerting to him. No microscope could have revealed her more fully to him than did his own eyesight. But it was not the moment for personal antipathies; there were other interests than his own at stake. With new resolution he returned her glance.

"Then I must still ask my first question. Why did you say, I thought it would be you?" His gaze was direct—so direct that it disconcerted her. She laughed a little uneasily.

"Because I know."

"How did you know?"

"Because," she began; then again she laughed. "Because," she added quickly, as if moved by a fresh impulse, "Jack Chilcote made it very obvious to any one who was in his morning room at 12 o'clock today that it would be you and not he who would be found filling his place this afternoon. It's all very well to talk about honor, but when one walks into an empty room and sees a telegram as long as a letter open on a bureau!"

But her sentence was never finished. Loder had heard what he came to hear. Any confession she might have to offer was of no moment in his eyes.

"My dear girl," he broke in brusquely, "don't trouble. I should make a most unsatisfactory father confessor." He spoke quickly. His color was still high, but not of annoyance. His suspense was transformed into unpleasant certainty, but the exchange left him surer of himself. His perplexity had dropped to a quiet sense of self reliance. His paramount desire was for solitude in which to prepare for the task that lay before him—the most congenial task the world possessed—the unraveling of Chilcote's tangled skein. Looking into Lillian's eyes, he smiled. "Goodbye," he said, holding out his hand. "I think we've finished—for today."

She slowly extended her fingers. Her expression and attitude were slightly puzzled—a puzzlement that was either spontaneous or singularly well assumed. As their hands touched she smiled again.

"Will you drop in at the Arcadian tonight?" she asked. "It's the dramatized version of 'Other Men's Shoes'! The temptation to make you see it was too irresistible—as you know."

There was a pause while she waited for his answer, her head inclined to one side, her green eyes gleaming.

Loder, conscious of her regard, hesitated for a moment. Then his face cleared. "Right!" he said slowly. "The Arcadian tonight!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

LILLIAN'S frame of mind as he left Cadogan gardens was peculiar. Once more he was living in the present—the forceful, exhilarating present, and the knowledge braced him. Upon one point his mind was satisfied. Lillian Astrupp had found the telegram, and it remained to him to render her find valueless. Now he proposed to do this, how he proposed to come out triumphant in face of such a situation, was a matter that as yet was shapeless in his mind; nevertheless the danger, the sense of impending conflict, had a savor of life after the monotony of the day and night just passed. Chilcote in his weakness and his entanglement had turned to him, and he in his strength and capacity had responded to the appeal.

His step was firm and his bearing assured as he turned into Grosvenor square and walked toward the familiar house.

The habit of self-deceit is as insidious and tenacious as any vice. For one moment on the night of his great speech as he leaned out of Chilcote's carriage and met Chilcote's eyes Loder had seen himself and under the shock of revelation had taken decisive action. But in the hours subsequent to that action the plausible, lower voice had whispered unceasingly, soothing his wounded self-esteem, rebuilding stone by stone the temple of his egotism, until at last when Chilcote, panic-stricken at his own action, had burst into his rooms ready to plead or to coerce he had found no need for either coercion or entreaty. By a power more subtle and effective than any at his command Loder had been prepared for his coming—unconsciously ready with an acquiescence before his appeal had been made. It was the fruit of this preparation, the inevitable outcome of it, that strengthened his step and steadied his hand as he mounted the steps and opened the hall door of Chilcote's house on that eventful afternoon.

The dignity, the air of quiet solidity, impressed him as it never failed to do, as he crossed the large hall and ascended the stairs—the same stairs that he had passed down almost as an outcast not so many hours before. He was filled with the sense of things regained. Belief in his own star lifted him, as it had done a hundred times before in these same surroundings.

He quickened his steps as the sensation came to him. Then, reaching the head of the stairs, he turned directly toward Eve's sitting room and, gaining the door, knocked. The strength of his eagerness, the quick beating of his pulse as he waited for a response, surprised him. He had told himself many times that his passion, however strong, would never again conquer as it had done two nights ago, and the fact that he had come thus candidly to Eve's room was to his mind a proof that temptation could be barred. Nevertheless there was something disconcerting to a strong man in this merely physical perturbation, and when Eve's voice came to him, giving permission to enter, he paused for an instant to steady himself. Then, with sudden decision, he opened the door and walked into the room.

The blinds were partly drawn, there was a scent of violets in the air, and a fire glowed warmly in the grate. He noted these things carefully, telling himself that a man should always be alertly sensible of his surroundings. Then all at once the nice balancing of detail suddenly gave way. He forgot everything but the one circumstance that Eve was standing in the window, her back to the light, her face toward him. With his pulses beating faster and an unsteady sensation in his brain, he moved forward, holding out his hand.

"Eve," he said below his breath. But Eve remained motionless. As he came into the room she had glanced at him—a glance of quick, searching question, then with equal suddenness she had averted her eyes. As he drew close to her now she remained immovable.

"Eve," he said again. "I wanted to see you—I wanted to explain about yesterday and about this morning." He paused, suddenly disconcerted. The full remembrance of the scene in the brougham had surged up at sight of her—had risen a fierce, unquenchable recollection. "Eve," he began again in a new, abrupt tone.

And then it was that Eve showed herself in a fresh light. From his entrance into the room she had stayed motionless, save for her first glance of acute inquiry, but now her demeanor changed. For almost the first time in Loder's knowledge of her the vitality and force that he had vaguely apprehended below her quiet, serene exterior sprang up like a flame within whose radiant things are illuminated. With a quick gesture, she turned toward him, her warm color deepening, her eyes suddenly alight.

"I understand," she said—"I understand. Don't try to explain. Can't you see that it's enough to—see you as you are?"

Loder was surprised. Remembering their last passionate scene and the damper Chilcote's subsequent presence must inevitably have cast upon it, he had expected to be doubtfully received, but the reality of the recognition left him bewildered. Eve's manner was not that of the ill-used wife, its vehemence, its note of desire and deprecation, were more suggestive of his own ardent seeking of the present as distinguished from past or future. With an odd sense of confusion he turned to her afresh.

"Then I am forgiven?" he said. And unconsciously as he moved nearer he touched her arm.

At his touch she started. All the yielding sweetness, all the submission, that had marked her two nights ago was gone. In its place she was possessed by a curious excitement that stirred while it perplexed.

Loder, moved by the sensation, took another step forward. "Then I am forgiven?" he repeated more softly.

Her face was averted as he spoke, but he felt her arm quiver, and when at last she lifted her head their eyes met. Neither spoke, but in an instant Loder's arms were around her.

For a long silent space they stood holding each other closely. Then, with a sharp movement, Eve freed herself. Her color was still high, her eyes still peculiarly bright; but the bunch of violets she had worn in her belt had fallen to the ground.

"John," she said quickly, but on the word her breath caught. With a touch of nervousness she stooped to pick up the flowers.

Loder noticed both voice and gesture. "What is it?" he said. "What were you going to say?"

But she made no answer. For a second longer she searched for the violets, then as he bent to assist her she stood up quickly and laughed—a short, embarrassed laugh.

"How absurd and nervous I am!" she exclaimed. "Like a schoolgirl instead of a woman of twenty-four. You must help me to be sensible." Her cheeks still burned, her manner was still excited, like one who holds an emotion or an impulse at bay.

Loder looked at her uncertainly. "Eve," he began afresh with his old, characteristic perseverance, but she instantly checked him. There was a finality, a fatal suggestion of fear, in her protest.

"Don't!" she said. "Don't! I don't want explanations. I want to—to enjoy the moment without having things analyzed or smoothed away. Can't you understand? Can't you see that I'm wonderfully, terribly happy to—have you—as you are?" Again her voice broke—a break that might have been a laugh or a sob.

The sound was an emotional crisis, as such a sound invariably is. It arrested and startled her. For a moment she stood absolutely still, then with something very closely resembling her old repose of manner she stopped again and quickly picked up the flowers still lying at her feet.

"Now," she said quietly, "I must say what I've wanted to say all along. How does it feel to be a great man? Her manner was controlled, she looked at him evenly and directly; save for the faint vibration in her voice there was nothing to indicate the tumult of a moment ago.

But Loder was still uncertain. He caught her hand, his eyes searching hers.

"But Eve"—he began. Then Eve played the last card in her mysterious game. Laughing quickly and nervously, she freed her hand and laid it over his mouth.

"No," she said. "Not one word! All this past fortnight has belonged to you; now it's my turn. Today is mine."

CHAPTER XXX.

AND so, once again, the woman conquered. Whatever Eve's intentions were, whatever she wished to evade or ward off, she was successful in gaining her end. For more than two hours she kept Loder at her side. There may have been moments in those two hours when the tension was high, when the efforts she made to interest and hold him were somewhat strained. But if this was so it escaped the notice of the one person concerned, for it was long after tea had been served, long after Eve had offered to do penance for her monopoly of him by driving him to Chilcote's club, that Loder realized with any degree of distinctness that it was she and not he who had taken the lead in their interview; that it was she and not he who had bridged the duller silences and given a fresh direction to dangerous channels of talk. It was long before he recognized this, but it was still longer before he realized the far more potent fact that without any cohesiveness, without any lessening of the subtle consideration she always showed him, she had given him no further opportunity of making love.

Talking continuously, elated with the sense of conflict still to come, he drove with her to the club. Considering that drive in the light of after events, his own frame of mind invariably filled him with incredulity. In the eyes of any sane man his position was not worth an hour's purchase, yet in the blind self-confidence of the moment he would not have changed places with Fraide himself. The great song of self was sounding in his ears as he drove through the crowded streets, conscious of the cool, crisp air, of Eve's close presence, of the numberless infinitesimal things that went to make up the value of life. It was this acknowledgment of personality that upheld him—the personality, the power that had carried him unwaveringly through eleven colorless years; that had impelled him toward this new career when the new career had first been opened to him; that had given a way for him in this fresh existence against colossal odds; the indomitable force that had tramped out Chilcote's footmarks in public life, in private life—in love. It was a triumphant psalm that chorused in his ears, something persistent and prophetic, with an undertone of menace—the cry of the human soul that has dared to stand alone.

His glance was keen and bright as he waited for a moment at the carriage door and took Eve's hand before entering the club.

"You're dining out tonight?" he said. His fingers, always tenacious and masterful, continued to hold hers. The conviction that had driven him temporarily toward sacrifice had passed. His pride, his confidence and with them his desire, had flowed back in full measure.

Eve, watching him attentively, paled a little. "Yes," she said, "I'm dining with the Bramfells."

"What time will you get home?" He scarcely realized why he put the question. The song of self still sounded triumphantly, and he responded without reflection.

His eyes held hers, his fingers pressed her hand; the intense mastery of his will passed through her in a sudden sense of fear. Her lips parted in deprecation, but he, closely attentive of her expression, spoke again quickly.

"When can I see you?" he asked very quietly.

Again she was about to speak. She leaned forward, as if some thought long suppressed trembled on her lips, then her courage or her desire failed her. She leaned back, letting her lashes droop over her eyes. "I shall be home at 11," she said below her breath.

Loder dined with Lakeley at Chilcote's club, and so absorbing were the political interests of the hour—the resignation of Sir Robert Seaborough, the king's summoning of Fraide, the probable features of the new ministry—that it was after 9 o'clock when at last he freed himself and drove to the Arcadian theater.

The sound of music came to him as he entered the theater—light, measured music suggestive of tiny streams, toy lambs and painted shepherdesses. It sounded singularly inappropriate to his mood—as inappropriate as the theater itself with its gay gilding, its pale tones of pink and blue. It was the setting of a different world—a world of laughter, light thoughts and shallow impulses, in which he had no part.

It was the interval between the first and second acts. The box was in shadow, and Loder's first impression was of voices and rustling skirts, broken in upon by the murmur of frequent unused laughter. Later, as his eyes grew accustomed to the light, he distinguished the occupants, two women and a man. The man was speaking as he entered, and the story he was relating was evidently interesting from the faint exclamations of question and delight that punctuated it in the listeners' higher, softer voices.

"Ah, here comes the legislator!" exclaimed Leonard Kaine, for it was he who formed the male element in the party.

"The revolutionary, Lennie," Lillian corrected softly. "Bramfells says he has changed the whole face of things." She laughed softly and meaningly as she closed her fan. "So good of you to come, Jack," she added. "Let me introduce you to Miss Esseltyon. I don't think you two have met. This is Mr. Chilcote, Mary—the great, new Mr. Chilcote." Again she laughed.

Loder bowed and moved to the front of the box, nodding to Kaine as he passed.

"It's only for an hour," he explained to Lillian. "I have an appointment for 11."

"Only an hour! Oh, how unkind! How should I punish him, Lennie?" Lillian looked round at Kaine with a

hanging, enquiring glance. "He bent toward her in quick response and answered in a whisper. She laughed and replied in an equally low tone.

Loder, to whom both remarks had been audible, dropped into the vacant seat beside Mary Esseltyon. He had the unsettled feeling that things were not falling out exactly as he had calculated.

"What is the play like?" he hazarded as he looked toward his companion. At all times social trivialities bored him. Tonight they were intolerable. He had come to fight, but all at once it seemed that there was no opponent. Lillian's attitude disturbed him; her careless graciousness, her evident knowing of him for Kaine, might mean nothing, but also it might mean much.

"It is a good play," she responded. "I like it better than the book. You've read the book, of course?"

"No," Loder tried hard to fix his thoughts. "It's amusing, but far fetched."

"Indeed?" He picked up the programme lying on the edge of the box. His ears were strained to catch the tone of Lillian's voice as she laughed and whispered with Kaine.

"Yes, men exchanging identities, you know."

He looked up and caught the girl's self-possessed glance. "Oh!" he said. "Indeed?" Then again he looked away. It was intolerable, this feeling of being caged up! A sense of anger crept through his mind. It almost seemed that Lillian had brought him there to prove that she had finished with him, had cast him aside, having used him for the day's excitement as she had used her paddles, her Persian cats, her crystal gazing. All at once the impotency and uncertainty of his position goaded him. Turning swiftly in his seat, he placed back to where she sat slowly swinging her fan, her pale, golden hair and her pale-colored gown delicately silhouetted against the background of the box.

"What's your idea of the play, Lillian?" he said abruptly. "By his own ears there was a note of challenge in his voice."

She looked around humbly. "Oh, it's quite amusing," she said. "It makes a delicious farce—absolutely French."

"French?"

"Quite. Don't you think so, Lennie?" "Oh, quite," Kaine agreed.

"They mean that it's so very light and yet so very subtle, Mr. Chilcote," Mary Esseltyon explained.

"Indeed?" he said. "Then my imagination was at fault. I thought the piece was serious."

"Serious?" Lillian smiled again. "Why, where's your sense of humor? The motive of the play, dears all seriousness."

Loder looked down at the programme still between his hands. "What is the motive?" he asked.

Lillian waved her fan once or twice, then closed it softly. "Love is the motive," she said.

Now, the balancing—the adjusting of impression and inspiration—is, of all processes in life, the most delicately fine. The simple sound of the word "love" coming at that precise juncture changed the whole current of Loder's thought. It fell like a seed, and like a seed in unproductive soil, it bore fruit with amazing rapidity.

The word itself was small and the manner in which it was spoken trivial, but Loder's mind was attracted and held by it. The last time it had met his ears his environment had been vastly different, and this echo of it in an uncongenial atmosphere stung him to resentment. The vision of Eve, the thought of Eve, became suddenly dominant.

"Love?" he repeated coldly. "So love is the motive?"

"Yes." This time it was Kaine who responded in his methodical, contented voice. "The motive of the play is love, as Lillian says. And when was love ever serious in a three-act comedy—on or off the stage?" He leaned forward in his seat, screwed in his eyeglass and lazily scanned the stalls.

The orchestra was playing a Hungarian dance, its erratic harmonies and wild alternations of expression falling abruptly across the pinks and blues, the gilding and lights of the pretty, conventional theater. Something in the suggestion of unfiness appealed to Loder. It was the force of the real as opposed to the ideal. With a new expression on his face, he turned again to Kaine.

"And how does it work?" he said. "This treatment that you find so French?"

His voice as well as his expression had changed. He still spoke quietly, but he spoke with interest. He was no longer conscious of his vague uneasiness; a fresh chord had been struck in his mind, and his curiosity had responded to it. For the first time it occurred to him that love—the dangerous, mysterious garden whose paths had so suddenly stretched out before his own feet—was a pleasure ground that possessed many doors and an infinite number of keys. He was stirred by the desire to peer through another entrance than his own, to see the secret, allying byways from another standpoint. He waited with interest for the answer to his question.

For a second or two Kaine continued to survey the house; then his eyeglass dropped from his eye, and he turned round.

"To understand the thing," he said pleasantly, "you must have read the book. Have you read the book?"

"No, Mr. Kaine," Mary Esseltyon interrupted. "Mr. Chilcote hasn't read the book."

Lillian laughed. "Outline the story for him, Lennie," she said. "I love to see other people taking pains."

Kaine glanced at her admiringly. "Well, to begin with," he said amiably. "Two men, an artist and a millionaire, exchange lives. See?"

"You may presume that he does see, Lennie."

"Right! Well, then, as I say, these beggars change identities. They're as like as pins, and to all appearances one chap's the other chap—and the other chap's the first chap. See?"

Loder laughed. The newly quickened interest was enhanced by—treading on dangerous ground.

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.]

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Professor—Do you believe in taxing brewers?

Student—I do; to their utmost capacity.—Harvard Lampoon.

"Dear, I wish you would buy down your novel and come and bring my shirt for me."

"Dear me, I never saw such a helpless man! I'd like to know how you buttoned your shirt before you were married."

"My shirt had buttons on them in those days."—Indianapolis Star.

Bacon—The police are very considerate of a poor homeless tramp in New York.

Egbert—How so?

Bacon—Why, when one goes to sleep on a park bench the cop taps him up.—Yonkers Statesman.

Business Man—What do you want?

Applicant—I came to inquire if you were in need of an assistant.

Business Man—Very sorry. I do all the work myself.

Applicant—Ah! that would just suit me.—Illustrated Bits.

Employer (angrily): "What are you throwing those handbills on the pavement for?"

Bill Distributor: "Well, gov'nor, that's what the people do as I give 'em to. So it's only saving time."

Answers.

"Yes," said the waiter: "This cafe is thoroughly up to date. We cook by electricity."

"Is that so?" said the guest, pointing to the platter, "then will you please give that beefsteak another shock?"

"Most actors," remarked the talkative boarder, "seem to think they can't get too far from the billboard."

"Yes," interrupted Mr. Stover.

"Quite unlike some other people who believe they can't get too far back on the board bill."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Bacon—The average age of persons arrested in New York City is 22-1-2 years and one out of five is a woman.

Egbert—I suppose the age liable to be given by the woman brings the average away down.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Now," said the physician, "you will have to eat plain food and not stay out late at night."

"Yes," replied the patient, "that is what I have been thinking ever since you sent in your bill."

Absorbed—Sharp—Why, yes, I was at church last Sunday.

Roseman—Were you really? Strange I didn't see you.

Sharp—Oh, not at all. I took up the collection.—Philadelphia Press.

"Paw, when there's a big banquet, why do they always have spoiled cheese to wind it up with?"

"Because, my son, it makes you forget the other courses."—Chicago Tribune.

Teacher—Can you tell me anything about the frontier, Tommie?

Tommie—Yes, in. That's where people live when he goes to the theatre alone."

—Yonkers Statesman.

THE MASQUERADER.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

"Well, they change for a mark, of course, but there's one fact they both overlooked. They're men, you know, and they forget these little things!" He laughed delightedly. "They overlooked the fact that one of 'em has got a wife!"

"There was a crash of music from the orchestra. Loder sat straighter in his seat. He was conscious that the blood had rushed into his face.

"Oh, indeed?" he said quickly. "One of them had a wife?"

"Exactly." Again Loder chuckled. "And the point of the joke is that the wife is the least lucky person under the sun. See?"

A second hot wave passed over Loder's face. A sense of mental disgust filled him. This, then, was the wonderful garden seen from another standpoint! He looked from Lillian, graceful, skeptical and shallow, to the young girl beside him, so frankly modern in her appreciation of life. This, then, was love as seen by the eyes of the world—the world that accepts, judges and condemns in a slang phrase or two. Very slowly the blood receded from his face.

"And the end of the story?" he asked in a strained voice.

"The end? Oh, usual end, of course. Chap makes a mess of things and the bubble bursts."

"The end of the wife?"

"The end of the wife?" Lillian broke in, with a little laugh. "Why, the end

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other from the tangle of his thoughts, to forge with doubt and difficulty the chain that was to draw him toward the future.

It was upon this same incomplete and yet tenuous chain, that his mind worked as he traversed the familiar streets and at last gained the house he had so easily learned to call home.

As he inserted the latchkey and felt it move smoothly in the lock a momentary revolt against his own judgment, his own censorship, swung him sharply toward reaction. But it is only the blind who can walk without a tremor on the edge of an abyss, and there was no longer a barabaz across his eyes. The reaction flared up like a strip of lighted paper; then, like a strip of lighted paper, it dropped back to ashes. He pushed the door open and slowly crossed the hall.

The mounting of a staircase is often the index to a man's state of mind. As Loder ascended the stairs of Chilcote's house his shoulders heaved their stiffness, his head was no longer erect. He moved as though his feet were weighted. He had ceased to be the man of achievement whose smallest opinion compels consideration. In the privacy of solitude he was the mere human totum to which he had once compared himself—the flotsam that, dreaming it has found a harbor, wakes to find itself the prey of the incoming tide.

He paused at the head of the stairs to rally his resolutions. Then, still walking heavily, he passed down the corridor to Eve's room. It was suggestive of his character that, having made his decision, he did not dally over its performance. Without waiting to knock, he turned the handle and walked into the room.

It looked precisely as it always looked, but to Loder the rich, subdued coloring of books and flowers—the whole air of culture and repose that the place conveyed—seemed to hold a deeper meaning than before, and it was on the instant that his eyes, crossing the insubstantial objects, rested on their owner that the true force of his position, the enormity of the task before him, made itself plain. Realization came to him with vivid, overwhelming force, and it must be accounted to his credit in the summing of his qualities that then, in that moment of trial, the thought of retreat, the thought of yielding, did not present itself.

Eve was standing by the mantelpiece. She wore a beautiful gown, a long string of diamonds was twisted about her neck, and her soft, black hair was coiled high after a foreign fashion and held in place by a large diamond comb. As he entered she turned hastily, almost nervously, and looked at him with the rapid, searching glance he had learned to expect from her. Then almost directly her expression changed to one of quick concern. With a faint exclamation of alarm she stepped forward.

"What has happened?" she said.

"You look like a ghost."

Loder made no answer. Moving into the room, he paused by the oak table that stood between the fireplace and the door.

They made an unconscious tableau as they stood there—he with his hand, set face, she with her heightened color, her inexplicably bright eyes. They stood completely silent for a space—a space that for Loder held no suggestion of time. Then, finding the tension unbearable, Eve spoke again.

"Has anything happened?" she asked. "Is anything wrong?"

Had he been less engrossed the intensity of her concern might have struck him, but in a mind so harassed as his there was only room for one consideration—the consideration of himself. The sense of her question reached him, but its significance left him untouched.

"Is anything wrong?" she reiterated for the second time.

By an effort he raised his eyes. No man, he thought, since the beginning of the world was ever set a task so cruel as his. Painfully and slowly his lips parted.

"Everything in the world is wrong," he said in a slow, hard voice.

Eve said nothing, but her color suddenly deepened.

Again Loder was unobservant, but with the dogged resolution that marked him he forced himself to his task.

"You despise lies," he said at last.

"Tell me what you would think of a man whose whole life was one elaborate lie." The words were slightly exaggerated, but their utterance, their painfully brusque sincerity, precluded all suggestion of effect. Resolutely holding her gaze, he repeated his question.

"Tell me! Answer me! I want to know."

Eve's attitude was difficult to read. She stood twisting the string of diamonds between her fingers.

"Tell me," he said again.

She continued to look at him for a moment; then, as if some fresh impulse moved her, she turned away from him toward the fire.

"I cannot," she said. "We—I—I could not set myself to judge—any one."

Loder held himself rigidly in hand.

"Eve," he said quietly, "I was at the Ardenland tonight. The play was 'Other Men's Shoes.' I suppose you've read the book 'Other Men's Shoes'?"

She was leaning on the mantelpiece, and her face was invisible to him.

"Yes, I have read it," she said without looking round.

"It is the story of an extraordinary likeness between two men. Do you believe such a likeness possible? Do you think such a thing could exist?" He spoke with difficulty. His brain and tongue both felt numb.

Eve let the diamond chain slip from her fingers. "Yes," she said nervously.

"Yes, I do believe it. Such things have been."

Loder caught at the words. "You're quite right," he said quickly. "You're quite right. The thing is possible. I've proved it. I know a man so like me that you, even you, could not tell us apart."

Eve was silent, still averting her face.

In dire difficulty he inhaled on "Eve," he began once more, "such a likeness is a serious thing—a terrible danger, a terrible temptation. Those who have no experience of it cannot

possibly gauge its pitfalls." Again he paused, but again the silent figure by the fireplace gave him no help.

"Eve," he exclaimed suddenly, "if you only knew, if you only guessed what I'm trying to say"—The perplexity, the whole harassed suffering of his mind showed in the words. Later, the strong, the resourceful, the self-contained, was palpably, painfully at a loss. There was almost a note of appeal in the vibration of his voice.

And Eve, standing by the fireplace, heard and understood. In that moment of comprehension all that had held her silent, all the conflicting motives that had forbidden speech, melted away before the unconscious demand for help. Quietly and yet quickly she turned, her whole face transfigured by a light that seemed to shine from within—something singularly soft and tender.

"There's no need to say anything," she said simply, "because I know."

It came quietly, as most great revelations come. Her voice was low and free from any excitement, her face beautiful in its complete unconsciousness of self. In that supreme moment all her thought, all her sympathy, was for the man—and his suffering.

To Loder there was a space of incredulity; then his brain slowly swung to realization. "You know?" he repeated blankly. "You know?"

Without answering, she walked to a cabinet that stood in the window, unlocked a drawer and drew out several sheets of dimly white paper, crumpled in places and closely covered with writing. Without a word she carried them back and held them out.

He took them in silence, scanned them, then looked up.

In a long, worthless pause their eyes met. It was as if each looked speechlessly into the other's heart, feeling the passions, the contradictions, the shortcomings, that went to the making of both. In that silence they drew closer together than they could have done through a torrent of words. There was no asking of forgiveness, no elaborate confession, on either side. In the deep, eloquent pause they mutually saw and mutually understood.

"When I came into the morning room today," Eve said at last, "and saw Lillian Astrupp reading that telegram nothing could have seemed farther from me than the thought that I should follow her example. It was not until afterward—not until—he came into the room—until I saw that you, as I believed, had fallen back again from what I respected to what I despised—that I knew how human I really was. As I watched them laugh and talk I felt suddenly that I was alone again—terribly alone. I—I think—I believe I was jealous in that moment"—She hesitated.

"Eve!" he exclaimed.

But she broke in quickly on the word. "I felt different in that moment. I didn't care about honor or things like honor. After they had gone it seemed to me that I had missed something—something that they possessed. Oh, you don't know what a woman feels when she is jealous!" Again she paused.

"It was then that the telegram and the thought of Lillian's unkind smile as she had read it came to my mind. Feeling as I did—acting on what I felt—I crossed to the bureau and picked it up. In one second I had been enough to make it impossible to draw back. Oh, it may have been dishonorable, it may have been mean, but

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APPALLING MARINE DISASTER

Hundred and Fifty Lives Are Lost
In Block Island Sound

JOY LINE STEAMER STRUCK BY SCHOONER

Many of the Nearly Two Hundred Persons on the Larchmont Went Down With Her, While Others, Who Were Not Prepared For Exposure to Zero Temperature, Succumb to the Cold—Bodies Encased in Ice Washed Ashore—Skippers of All-Fated Vessels Each Lay Blame Upon the Other—No Fatalities on Schooner

Block Island, R. I., Feb. 13.—About 150 persons went to their death in Block Island sound, as a result of a collision between the three-masted schooner Harry Knowlton and the Joy line steamer Larchmont, bound from Providence to New York.

It is estimated that, including the crew, there were nearly 200 on board the steamer when she sailed from Providence. Of these only 19 appear to have survived the disaster. 10 members of the crew and nine passengers. Awakened from their slumbers in comfortably heated rooms, the unfortunate passengers were at the mercy of the furies. Many, it is believed, went down with the ship. Others, temporarily thankful that they had escaped drowning, prayed that they might be relieved of the terrible pain caused by their frozen bodies, and one man, a passenger whose name could not be learned, plunged a knife into his throat and ended his suffering.

The few who survived were in a pitiful condition. In almost every case their arms and legs hung helpless as they were tenderly lifted out of the boats in which they reached shore. During the day 48 bodies came ashore, either in boats or thrown up by the sea. Only five of the 48 bodies were identified.

The bodies washed ashore were all encased in ice, the covering being from six to seven inches thick. They were strewn along the shore, forming one of the most ghastly sights ever witnessed. Many of the frozen bodies are those of women.

The cause of the disaster has not been satisfactorily explained. An investigation of the wreck will be instituted by the United States steamboat inspectors of the Providence district.

The disaster came to light when a lifeboat of the Larchmont drifted into Block Island harbor.

In the boat were several bodies of men who had died from the effects of long hours of exposure to a death-dealing temperature. In the boat also were 11 men whose suffering was so intense they seemed oblivious to the fact that death was in their midst, and that they had escaped only by virtue of the ability to withstand the rigor of zero temperature.

Following closely in the wake of the solitary lifeboat came bodies cast up on the beach by angry waves. Then came lifeboats and rafts. Each of them bore their burden of grim death as well as a load of suffering humanity, and each brought a tale of sorrow, of suffering and of despair.

LARCHMONT'S LAST TRIP

Intense Suffering Immediately After the Crash Came

The Larchmont, a side-wheel steamer, which was only put into the Joy line service during the present season, left her dock in this city Monday night. A strong northwest wind was blowing as the steamer plowed her way down through the eastern passage of Narragansett bay, but the full effect of the gale which was blowing out in the sound was not felt until the Larchmont rounded Point Judith. Then the side-wheel pointed her nose into the very heart of the gale and continued down through Block Island sound.

Captain McVey was preparing to retire after a turn around his ship, when he was startled by several blasts of the steamer's whistle. He rushed into the pilot house, where he saw a three-masted schooner sailing eastward before a strong wind. The schooner seemed to suddenly luff up and head straight for the steamer. Again several blasts were sounded on the steamer's whistle, the pilot and quartermaster whistling their wheel hard a port in a mad endeavor to avert a collision.

But as the Larchmont was slowly veering around in response to her helm the schooner came on with a speed that almost seemed to equal the gale, that had been pushing her toward Boston. Even before another warning signal could be sounded on the steamer the schooner crashed into the port side of the vessel and the impact of the blow was so terrific that the bow of the sailing craft ate its way into more than half the breadth of the Larchmont. When the force of the impact had spent the schooner temporarily remained fast in the ribs of the steamer, holding in check for a moment the rushing water.

But the pounding sea soon separated the interlocked vessels and as they jacked away the water rushed into the gaping hole in the steamer's side with a velocity that could only mean the doom of the passenger vessel.

The passengers thronged onto the decks. Few of them had waited in cloths themselves, but their fear was so great that the first penetrating blasts of the zero temperature was dis-

garding. The suffering from the elements soon became so intense that personal safety was forgotten in a general effort to keep the blood in circulation. Those who had not stopped to clothe themselves now found it impossible to return below and do so. Their rooms were flooded soon after they had been deserted, and the steamer, floundering around in the high seas, was sinking rapidly.

While some of the seamen held back the frantic passengers by brute strength, others were preparing to lower the lifeboats and rafts. There was no time to think of the comfort of any one. It was a physical impossibility for any but the most hardened to withstand the cold, which turned ears and noses white with the frost, and which so benumbed feet that both the passengers and members of the crew stumbled rather than walked to the small craft in which they were to leave the sinking ship.

Shrieks of agonized pain drowned the roar of the hurrying water. Pandemonium reigned supreme, but in spite of it the women on board were placed in lifeboats, the male passengers and members of the crew selecting the unprotected rafts as their vehicle of escape.

The pitiable condition of the passengers and crew was increased a hundred fold the moment they had launched their boats. Every wave sent its dash of spray over boats and their contents. Soon a thin coating of ice enveloped everyone. Those who were fully clothed suffered from frozen faces and numbed feet, but there were many who had on only their night clothing.

One man, in the captain's boat, was suddenly driven insane by his intense suffering. He pulled a big clasp knife from his pocket and gashed his throat. No one stayed his hand and again he plunged his knife into his throat. Those who sat near him either were too dazed to interfere or looked upon the act of self-murder as justified. The unknown man's body fell to the bottom of the boat, where it remained unheeded.

Captain McVey asserted, with emphasis, that the crew of the schooner was responsible for the wreck. He said that had the sailing vessel held true to the course which she was sailing when first sighted there would have been no possible chance of an accident. The schooner, however, suddenly luffed and crashed into the port side of the Larchmont almost before the helmsman had ported their wheel.

Captain Haley of the schooner Harry Knowlton, which was in collision with the Larchmont, stated that the accident was entirely due to the steamer. He said that his lights were burning and he held to his course with the expectation that the steamer, having sighted him, would pass him with plenty of sea room. When he discovered that the steamer would not turn out Haley said it was too late to avert a collision.

The steamer, with a huge hole torn in her side, was so seriously damaged that an attempt was made to run for shore, and she sank to the bottom in less than half an hour. The Knowlton, after she had backed away from the wreck, began to fill rapidly, but her crew manned the pumps and kept her afloat until she reached a point off Quonset point, where they put out in the lifeboat and rowed ashore. There were no fatalities on the schooner, but the men suffered from the extreme cold.

Ignored by Nearby Steamer

New London, Conn., Feb. 15.—United States Steamboat Inspectors Whitney and Stewart examined the four members of schooner Harry Knowlton's crew, who were on watch Monday night at the time the schooner collided with steamer Larchmont. An enormous amount of testimony did not differ in any essential details and they all united in telling of a strange steamer which approached within a mile after the collision and then headed the other way and passed up the sound.

Captain Haley said it was a beautiful night and vessel lights were visible a distance of a mile or two. Haley was in his cabin when he heard Mate Gowan ask the lookout how the lights were. This struck him as peculiar and he went on deck and inquired what the answer was. He was informed that the lookout had replied that the lights were all right and then his attention was called to the approaching steamer. In support of the statement about the lights, Haley said that he knew that the green one at least was burning at the time of the collision because it burned until some time Wednesday.

NEW ENGLAND BRIEF

Mrs. Ann Davern, 75 years old, died at Holyoke, Mass., from burns received when her clothing caught fire from a stove upon which she was cooking.

The greatest volume of music heard in Boston since the famous peace jubilee, 35 years ago, was rendered in Symphony hall by a consolidated band of 350 pieces. The program was of a classical nature.

Lieutenant Commander Edgar, executive officer of the naval brigade of the Massachusetts state militia, has made an application for retirement, after 15 years of service.

Edward A. Smith, who for 50 years was employed as roadmaster of the Boston and Maine railroad, died at Somersworth, N. H., aged 87. He served 38 years continuously with the company.

Survivor Charges Cowardice

Providence, Feb. 14.—A terrible tale was brought here last night by the 19 survivors of the steamer Larchmont, and narratives of personal suffering piled into insignificance before the charge of one of the passengers, who asserted that in that awful hour of peril, when death stared all in the face, helpless women were thrust aside by men who cared only for their own safety.

The grave charge of cowardice was made by Fred Fitzgerald, 18 years old, of Brooklyn. He said that not only were the unaccompanied women left to their fate, but that Captain McVey left the sinking ship in the very first lifeboat; that some of the ship's employees filled the boats to the exclusion of the passengers, and at least one boat was without oars when it was put over the side.

DELAY BY DEATH

Thaw Trial Postponed After a Brief Session

THE JURY GIVEN LIBERTY

Court Depends Upon Their Honor and Oath Not to Read Newspapers or Discuss Trial—Halt in Proceedings Caused by the Death of a Juror's Wife

New York, Feb. 15.—Another tragic chapter in the history of the Thaw-White episode was written Thursday when grim death stepped in to halt the famous trial in its fourth week. The wife of juror No. 11, Mrs. Joseph B. Bolton, passed away yesterday afternoon, soon after her husband had reached her bedside. He had been summoned from the courtroom where the trial had been in progress for less than 15 minutes.

The formal announcement of Mrs. Bolton's death was made in court shortly after 2 p. m., the hour set for the afternoon session, and Justice Fitzgerald immediately ordered an adjournment of the case until next Monday morning. The court also ordered, with the consent of counsel, that the other 11 jurymen be given their liberty and no longer be held together. He admonished the jurors to be guided by their honor and their oath and not to read the newspapers or discuss the Thaw case with anybody.

The fact that the Thaw jury has been kept in close confinement since they were selected for trial service and that Bolton had been allowed to visit his home only three times during his wife's fatal illness, lent a pathetic aspect to the case. During the brief morning session, when Bolton had taken his place in the box, Thaw fixed the juror with his gaze as he entered. It was not a stare of curiosity or of concern as to his own welfare that the defendant turned upon the jurymen, but there seemed rather to be a light of sympathy in the eyes of the man accused of the murder of Stanford White.

Mrs. Bolton suffered from double pneumonia. Her condition became serious Wednesday, when the morning session of the trial was abandoned to allow the juror to visit his home. Bolton was accompanied by two other jurymen and by two court officers. The law which was invoked at the beginning of the trial to keep the jury together provides that no one juror shall at any time be separated from the others. Mrs. Bolton rallied Wednesday afternoon, her husband returned to his place and the trial went on. When court convened at 10:30 o'clock yesterday morning Bolton was again in seat No. 11, but it was said that his wife's condition was critical and he might be called away at any moment.

Dr. Britton D. Evans, superintendent of the New Jersey state hospital for the insane, was recalled as an alienist to continue his direct examination. The witness was asked to detail the conversations he had on various occasions with Thaw in the Tombs. He had already declared these conversations to be an essential feature in his conclusion that Thaw was of unsound mind at the time of the doctor's first three visits to him, the last being on Sept. 22. Mr. Jerome had withdrawn his objections to the statements by Thaw going into the evidence and Evans was about to detail the events of his first visit on Aug. 4 when the summons for Bolton came. Captain Ricketts of the court police squad was seen to whisper to Justice Fitzgerald.

A recess was taken until 2 p. m., and the juror, still accompanied by two of his associates and two court officers, hurried to the little home where Mrs. Bolton was being kept alive only by the use of oxygen. She died soon after her husband's arrival.

Juror Bolton is 57 years of age and a clerk. When court again convened at 2:25 p. m. there had been a conference of the attorneys with Justice Fitzgerald and the agreement had been reached to release the remaining jurors from further confinement.

In announcing the adjournment until Monday, Fitzgerald expressed the "hope" that the trial might then proceed. It is realized, however, that this will depend largely upon the condition in which Bolton may be at that time. If he feels that he can put aside all personal considerations and continue to do his sworn duty to the state as a juror the trial will be resumed. If he feels that his condition of mind is such, or that his personal affairs are such as to prevent his giving his whole attention to the case during the remaining days of the trial, some other solution of the difficulty must be looked for.

Foundation For Insanity

Evelyn Nesbit Thaw last Friday was again the central figure at her husband's trial. She was still on the stand—her direct examination unfinished—when the week-end adjournment until Monday morning was taken. The defense tried to prove that Evelyn Nesbit's revelations regarding Stanford White caused Thaw great stress and anguish of mind, laying the foundation for the insanity which found its climax in the killing of White; that White entered into a conspiracy with the notorious lawyer, Abe Hummel, to malign and prosecute Thaw, and if possible keep him out of New York, so that White could get Evelyn under his control again; that Thaw's conduct toward Evelyn was at all times honorable and unselfish, while White's conduct was the reverse; and that Stanford White tried to force his attentions on Evelyn and renew his relations with her even after she was married to Thaw.

This was the greatest point of all, for it would give the prisoner the benefit of that "higher law" which many would regard as a justification of the killing of Thaw of the man who had first ruined his wife as a girl, and wanted to follow it up by violating his bond.

The Cafe Martia Note

When Mrs. Thaw was called to the stand Monday she was dressed precisely as when she occupied the witness chair last week. As she was taking her seat Delmas turned to the district attorney and renewed his demand of Wednesday last that the note which was passed by Mrs. Thaw to her husband at the Cafe Martia the night of the tragedy should be produced. Jerome, upon the occasion of the first demand, had remained silent. On Monday he was on his feet at once, saying he would send for the slip of paper. It was brought from his office, was identified by Mrs. Thaw and then read by Delmas as follows: "The b— was here a minute ago, but went out again."

The contents of the note caused a surprise only as to the exact wording. It had generally been supposed that the note read: "The b— is here," Mrs. Thaw testified that "the b—" meant "the blackguard," as Thaw always referred to Stanford White, whom she had seen on the balcony of the cafe.

Answering a hypothetical question covering every detail of the testimony up to this time, including Mrs. Evelyn N. Thaw's narration of her life history to the defendant, Dr. Wagner, superintendent of the state hospital for the insane at Binghamton, declared on the witness stand that in his opinion Thaw did not know that the act was wrong when he shot and killed Stanford White.

Testimony Favorable to Defense

Dr. Evans, superintendent of the state hospital for the insane at Morris Plains, N. J., was on the stand all day Tuesday. Dr. Evans proved to be by far the most satisfactory expert witness to the defense so far produced. He detailed to the jury his observations and examinations of Harry Thaw during eight visits to the prisoner in the Tombs and declared it to be his opinion that Thaw was suffering from "a brain storm or an explosive or fulminating condition of mental unsoundness" at the time he shot and killed Stanford White. Dr. Evans gave many and elaborate reasons for his opinion and during his examination Delmas deftly brought out the fact that whereas Thaw was suffering from "mania and sties" when the alienist first visited him in August last, his condition had shown steady and gradual improvement until, on Oct. 8, Thaw was "more composed and deliberate."

Intestinal Germs in Ice

Albany, Feb. 15.—Formal complaint against taking ice from the Hudson river for domestic consumption was made in a letter to Governor Hughes by the committee on pollution of the Merchants' Association of New York. Governor Hughes said he would take the matter under consideration. The letter says chemists inspected numerous sources of ice supply and examined a large number of samples. "Most of the ice," the letter continues, "either at the top or bottom of the cake showed intestinal germs."

Suicide in Horrible Manner

Seranton, Pa., Feb. 15.—William Corbett was locked up in the South Seranton police station last night at his own request in order that he might "sober up." With the manacles that were placed on his wrists to keep him from burning himself, he tore a jagged hole in his throat and inserting his fingers in the hole, tore the flesh right and left. Death quickly ensued.

Eleven Arrests in Murder Case

Chicago, Feb. 15.—Eleven men are under arrest in connection with the murder of a girl known only as "Pauline," who was found dead in a yard. The police claim that they have proof that the girl was drugged with ammonia which had been placed in beer and was then attacked by the men. Four of the men are said to have confessed.

BADLY AFFLICTED WITH ECZEMA

For More Than Two Years—Tries Physicians, Patent Remedies, Old Women and Quack Cures and Found No Relief.

USES CUTICURA AND IS SOON SOUND AND WELL

"I was very badly afflicted with eczema for more than two years. The parts affected were my limbs below the knees. I tried all the physicians in the town and some in the surrounding towns, and I also tried all the patent remedies that I heard of, besides all the cures advised by old women and quacks, but found no relief. I was so badly afflicted that I was unable to do my work until I commenced using the Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Resolvent. In the Cuticura Remedies I found immediate relief, and was soon sound and well. C. V. Beltz, Tippecanoe, Ind., Nov. 16, '05."

DANDRUFF KILLS HAIR

Cuticura Soap Kills Dandruff

"I was troubled with dandruff on my head ever since I was twelve years old. I had beautiful hair up to that time. The dandruff destroyed my hair. I tried everything I could hear of. I had no doctor, but I went into a drug store where I was well acquainted and asked the druggist if he knew of anything that would be good for me. He said: 'Of course I do. Just get a cake of Cuticura Soap.' I got it, and it did my hair good in the first time I used it. My sister-in-law couldn't keep the dandruff off the top of her baby's head, and the hair wouldn't grow. I was there, had a cake of Cuticura Soap with me. I told her about it, and gave her the Cuticura Soap, and in about three months I went there again, the child's head was covered with hair and not a sign of dandruff. My sister said it was the Cuticura Soap. The child is not past three years old and has a lovely head of hair. Mrs. E. W. Shigley, Columbus, Kan., Oct. 25, 1905."

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humane Itch, Chafe, and Skin Disease. Cuticura Soap (10¢) and Cuticura Ointment (25¢) will cure the worst cases of Itch, Chafe, and Skin Disease. Sold everywhere. Price per cake of Cuticura Soap, 10¢. Price per tin of Cuticura Ointment, 25¢. Price per box of Cuticura Resolvent, 50¢. Price per box of Cuticura Remedies, 1.00. Price per box of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, 1.25. Price per box of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and Resolvent, 1.50. Price per box of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and Resolvent and Remedies, 1.75. Price per box of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and Resolvent and Remedies and Cuticura Resolvent, 2.00. Price per box of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and Resolvent and Remedies and Cuticura Resolvent and Cuticura Remedies, 2.25. Price per box of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and Resolvent and Remedies and Cuticura Resolvent and Cuticura Remedies and Cuticura Resolvent, 2.50. 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The Men of the Navy.

What can be done to increase the permanence of the enlisted force of the navy is a question as important as it is vital. Time was when the navy could recruit from the merchant marine. This was in the days of sailing ships and in the days when the United States really possessed a merchant marine. Conditions have changed for the better in the navy and for the worse in the merchant marine. To make an expert man-of-war's-man today requires a deal more training with the introduction of steam and steel in the building of our fleet. Bluejackets now are not recruited from our coast cities and towns alone. Recruiting from the interior and the more complicated military duties which the modern man-of-war's-man is called upon to perform necessitates his training not only in infantry, artillery and gunnery drills, in the operation of mines and torpedoes and in engineering, but many recruits must also be trained "from the sea up"; that is, they must be taught the very elements of seamanship. As the time for training a recruit until he has become an expert man-of-war's-man has greatly increased, so has the necessity increased for retaining him in the service once he has become an expert. It is not sufficient to the success of a battleship in war that her material shall be of the most modern and improved type, or that her officers shall be the most efficient that can be produced. Preparedness for war—and war alone is the supreme test of the efficiency of our soldiers on land and sea—must be obtained in the dull days of peace.

A naval officer has pointed out that the efficiency of the fleet requires: (1) The reduction to a minimum of the time necessary for this preliminary training, and (2) the development of the skill of the ship in battle firing. The latter cannot be continuous and rapid unless the pointers and the gun crews remain practically intact throughout the ship's cruise. A battleship needs to develop team work among its crew just as does the varsity racing crew or the varsity football team.

MANY CHANGES IN THE NAVY.

Since 1888 the country has dealt wisely and well by the navy. The service has grown rapidly in many directions; it has lagged in others. Too little attention has been paid to the personnel. Congress has year after year authorized new ships. A corresponding increase in the number of officers came only several years ago and the authorized strength of the enlisted force is below the number required for the ships built or building. When the spring comes there will be from ten to fifteen midshipmen on each of the largest ships. These will be rapidly promoted to the rank of ensign, and two years from now will find the number of officers available for watch duty increased at least by several hundred. Such an increase will relieve the shortage of officers which handicaps the development of the navy today in every direction. At the Naval Academy some eight hundred midshipmen are preparing themselves to form the commissioned personnel of the future. There is no difficulty about obtaining candidates for Annapolis. Each senator and member of Congress, as well as the President, has far more applications for appointment to the Naval Academy than he has appointments to give.

With the enlisted force the condition is different. The navy today is not recruited to the full strength authorized by law. Doubtless this is in part due to the rigid physical entrance conditions required. In fact out of 40,918 applicants for enlistment last year only 15,418 were admitted to the service. All of these things point to the necessity for retaining in the service desirable men, for reducing the number of desertions, for increasing the contentment of the men, and thereby making the service the more attractive. That it may be the more efficient. Naval officers have come to realize today what our best captains have always regarded as a military axiom—the unhappy ship is seldom the efficient ship.

ARMY AND NAVY SENSITIVE.

Doubtless no branch of the Government service is more sensitive to criticism than are the army and navy. Criticism of either from the outside too often brings precipitate defence where it should, and is intended to, arouse investigation. Criticism from within the service has too often resulted in a reprimand to the officer who would make so bold as to suggest the possibility that all is not well within the service and therefore by indictment at least with his superior officers. Such a policy is narrowing and in the end invites disaster. Without honest and fair-minded and well-directed criticism no body of men, however carefully they may have been chosen, can reach the highest point of efficiency. Many army and navy officers make the mistake of assuming that all criticism directed against either service is hostile in intent.

The citizens who feel a pride in the navy will be interested in the exhaustive discussion of the question of the permanence of the enlisted force of the navy, which appears in the current number of the proceedings of the Naval Institute from the pen of Lieutenant Ridley McLean, U. S. N. Those who know that young officer will vouch for the statement that the criticisms from those who are officers of the service are not those of a mere theorist. Since entering the Naval Academy in 1890 Lieutenant McLean has a record of eight years' sea service as a watch and division officer and seven years on shore duty. During the greater part of this time he has been brought into daily contact with the enlisted force of the service.

METHODS OF INCREASING THE FORCE.

His conclusions regarding the best method of increasing the permanence of the enlisted force of the navy are based on several years' study of this particular question, in the course of which he held many conversations with many enlisted men concerning desertion and re-enlistment. "On different occasions last summer," he admits, "I conversed intelligently with two enlisted men of the fleet, men who expected to make the service their profession, and who stated that if a man did not get along in the navy it was his own fault; in short, men who looked on the service in its best light. I made notes of their conversation at the time." In general this is the conclusion of this young naval officer: "I am convinced that many of the regulations and customs which are the most active causes of discontent are not necessary to the results which we wish to accomplish, and that there are certain other regulations which might be adopted and which would directly or indirectly incline to enlistments."

Without attempting to give in detail the suggestions of the writer of an article which is attracting the attention of not a few Senators and Representatives be-

cause of its frankness as well as of the commonsense character of the recommendations, there follows a paragraph summary of the points suggested by Lieutenant McLean, most of which are mere matters of regulation and could be adopted without legislation.

In their attempt to force men to stay in the service, in their failure to take into account the influence of contentment upon efficiency and continuity of service, in their failure to facilitate the early discharge of men who are probably undesirable and in their failure so to utilize the conditions which exist that men will desire to re-enlist instead of seeking outside employment, the present regulations of the Navy are illogical. This is shown by the difference in attitude of the average enlisted man toward his term of enlistment as compared with that of the average workman toward his vacation. The records of 1905 show that there was a net loss during the year of more than twenty-five per cent over and above the number of re-enlistments which had to be filled by recruits. Exclusive of losses due to deaths and physical disability there were 634 vacancies, or more than twenty-two per cent loss of available men, many of whom had received from one to three years' training and were just becoming of value. Nearly half of this number were deserters. About twenty-five per cent were undesirable or bad characters, while about twenty-five per cent were apparently good, well trained men whose retention in the service would have been desirable.

PLANS TO ATTRACT MEN.

There are many things that could be done without legislation which would make for an increase in the permanence in the enlisted force in the Navy. Cruisers should be arranged, in so far as possible, with suitable liberty ports, keeping the men informed of the probable movements as far ahead as practicable.

Every proper means which does not interfere with efficiency should be employed to further the contentment of the men. Uniform and more liberal regulations concerning recreation on shore should be established and so far as possible the use of deprivation of liberty as a punishment should be avoided. Probably the most distasteful feature of naval life are what appear to be unnecessary restrictions. On shore the employee's recreation looks out for itself, and the question resolves itself to one of hours and pay. Naval life necessarily has many distasteful features. To encourage men to adopt it for a life vocation the distasteful features should be reduced to such as are actually necessary, and the attractive features which the life offers should be utilized to the fullest extent.

Compelling a man, once enlisted, to complete his enlistment regardless of what may happen is a distasteful feature of the service; another is compelling a man to remain on board ship when his services are not required, either for drill work or for the safety of the ship; a third is compelling a man to remain on board ship for several months as a punishment for some offence. "Poor liberty ships" are well-known on every station and are avoided by the best men, who sometimes will desert as a last resort to obtain their freedom. This cause is responsible for at least fifty per cent of the net losses of the Navy from the enlisted force.

RESTRICTIONS OF SHORE LIBERTY.

Restriction of shore leave in the Navy today takes two forms: insufficient liberty due entirely to the failure of the commanding officer to grant frequent permission to a large number of men to go ashore; and restriction of liberty as a punishment. It is natural for men who visit foreign ports to desire to see the town. Naval officers never fail to go ashore in every port, however interesting, if only for a few hours. These same impulses govern men and a feeling of resentment is certain to result if the ship visits port after port without the men being permitted to go ashore. "Feeling Europe through a porthole" is proverbial and its meaning is far-reaching. Forcing men to stay on board unnecessarily has a twofold effect. Directly or indirectly it is the most active cause of desertion, of dissatisfaction which swells the list of "undesirable," "imprudent," "bad conduct," and "dishonorable discharges," and of failure to re-enlist.

Aside from this must be considered the effect on the men who remain in the service. Unnecessary restriction of liberty will produce a resentful mental condition which handicaps the work of a man as a unit in the ship's organization and lessens his capacity for submitting to discipline. Especially is this true of young men in their first enlistment. It is from these that the re-enlistments must be secured. Nor is restriction of shore leave of this kind requisite to the efficiency of the naval service. Frequently a man is deprived of his liberty as a punishment or as incidental to the punishment of being reduced in class. Sometimes it is because the crew has all been on liberty and time in port does not permit another complete liberty; sometimes because under existing conditions it is not considered expedient to grant any liberty until certain general work is completed. Deprivation of liberty as an habitual form of punishment should be abolished and enlisted men should be under the same regulation as officers. It is not the amount of necessary restriction which is so galling to a man as it is any restriction which is manifestly unnecessary.

MANY UNNECESSARY ANNOYANCES.

Occasionally a man is deprived of as much as three months' liberty. The object of punishment is to exert a corrective and not a punitive effect and to inflict punishment months after the offence was committed only produces discontent. A uniform scale of fines would be an ideal substitute. Let deprivation of liberty as a punishment be abolished except by sentence of a court-martial; permit men to go ashore under much the same regulations as govern officers, namely, when their services can be spared and substitute as a regular form of punishment a uniform scale of fines based on percentage of pay; and further to prevent dissatisfaction let the money thus forfeited by fines be turned into the general mess and used in substituting the crew in such manner as the commanding officer may direct.

Certain unnecessary annoyances so petty in themselves as to be generally overlooked have a material weight in causing men to leave the service. For example, one of the most fruitful minor causes of discontent is that of afternoon muster. It is required by regulations and even commanding officers are allowed no discretion. It does not increase efficiency and it serves daily to annoy the 30,000 enlisted men in the service. The names of unauthorized absentees from the ship are usually discovered before this muster

occurs. The real effect of this muster is to prolong the working day of blue or ten hours into twelve hours, for it is the interruption, the knowledge that the day is not yet done, rather than the work actually done, which is annoying.

Another petty annoyance is the regulation shoes. The regulation shoes make the entire enlistment of some men unpleasant. Feet vary considerably in shape as well as in size and yet the men on board ship are compelled to get their shoes from the paymaster in cases where a certain style "as per pattern" is prescribed; the paymaster carries but one style and this in full sizes only and in two widths. Frequently the paymaster is short of the most common sizes and men, from this incomplete assortment, buy ill-fitting shoes with their own money and wear them on their feet. The present regulations in regard to men's shoes are a source of profound annoyance to some men at all times and to all men at some time during their enlistment.

KICKING ABOUT THE FOOD.

Established throughout the service of a more uniform official supervision over the messing is earnestly recommended. Lieutenant McLean thus quotes a bluejacket: "Kickers will kick on food quicker than on anything else, our food can be made all right because it is all right on some ships, while other ships live rotten. If a man gets good grub he can stand a lot of inconveniences, but as soon as he thinks that he is not getting as good food as the ration ought to give him he gets dissatisfied. Jesus Christ in his job and the first thing he knows he is in trouble. If a ship is having wholesale desertions it may be due to other causes, a mean captain, or first lieutenant, or no liberty; but if you examine very closely you will be sure to find a good hard kick on the grub."

Recent regulations have greatly improved the rations of the enlisted man; the present ration is ample for the comfort and contentment of the crew, if properly cooked and served but at times there is so little official supervision over the actual feeding of the crew that in spite of the ample rations great dissatisfaction sometimes exists:

CONGRESS WILL TAKE A HAND.

Continued discussion of this unusual statement of facts and opinions from an officer of the Navy, who today is honored with duty on the staff of the commander-in-chief of our largest fleet, sooner or later will arouse the interest of Congress in the condition of the enlisted men. Unless the Secretary of the Navy or a board of officers of some body within the service takes up this whole question and orders such changes as can be ordered without legislation which will make for the contentment of the men without diminishing the efficiency of the service Congress will take a handsome day and there will be a searching investigation of the whole question by the Senate or House Naval Committees.

A wholesome attitude of officer toward enlisted men is that shown by Lieutenant McLean in his discussion in the Naval Institute. Of the contentment of the men he writes: "A crew can never be efficiently trained, permanence in service can never be secured, nor can the best work be obtained if a considerable proportion of the men are normally discontented. The keynote of the question would therefore appear to be the contentment of the men. Why should we expect efficient work or permanent service from discontented enlisted men when it never would occur to us to expect it from discontented men in civil life? I doubt if we have given the question of the men's contentment the serious consideration which it merits. Every precaution is taken to preserve the material of the Navy in high state of efficiency; great care is exercised to maintain the physical condition of the men, and yet their mental attitude seems to have received scant consideration, though it has a greater bearing both on efficiency and on permanence than their physical conditions."

DIFFERENT FROM THE OLD SAILOR.

What Lieutenant McLean is well aware of, but what some of his comrades in the service do not appear to realize, is that the enlisted force of the Navy today comes in great part from intelligent, respectable, hard-working families, whose sons have voluntarily entered the service to make a living and to see something of the world. This kind of a man cannot be treated as the sailor of the earlier days. He is a different sort of a citizen. He entered the Navy of his own free will and accord, and he will never re-enlist unless he finds the vocation to his liking. Conditions in this country are not like those in Germany. Ours is a volunteer service from top to bottom. To increase its attractiveness is not to lessen but to strengthen its efficiency, for what makes for the contentment of the man-of-war's-man makes for the permanence of the Navy as an organization. —Washington Correspondent Boston Transcript.

Acum—Why do you sneer when you're told he's a member of the Senate? Does this mean he's dishonest? Knox—Well, he's rich, isn't he? Acum—Yes, but he made his money before he got into the Senate. Knox—Then that's what put him there.—Catholic Standard and Times.

"Now," said Flannigan after the accident, "we'll have to send some man to break the news gradually to the poor man's wife."

"Send Flannigan," suggested Flannigan. "He'll have to send some man to break the news gradually to the poor man's wife." —Philadelphia Ledger.

Friend—Where are those beautiful roses that were sent to you yesterday? Mrs. Penrose—Thank you—Oh, they are down in the cellar; they always keep longer in a cool, dark place, you know. —Detroit Free Press.

Bill—Any piece of machinery is helped by resting.

Jill—Yes; I've always noticed that my watch goes better after I've got it out of hock. —Yonkers Statesman.

Waitress—You needn't make such a fuss about a fly in your tea.

Customer—"But there are two, I object to mixed bathing in my cup." —Tit-Bits.

"Why do you think your new State house won't cost more than \$5,000,000?" "That's all the money we have in the treasury." —Chicago Record-Herald.

"She has a motor car tongue." "What do you mean?" "Oh, she's always running other people down." —Comic Cuts.

CASTORIA.
The Kid You Have Always Bought
Beware of Imitations
Signature *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Broke.

I am not sure that Mildred had been crying, but I am sure she was on the very verge of tears. When I entered the room she was seated at a table on which was a lead pencil, and the witness of the blunt and bare evidence that she had been sucking it thoughtfully, probably irritably.

"Busy?" I asked.

"Busy?" she retorted in a tone that convinced me that she must have been sucking the pencil irritably.

"Anything the matter?" I suggested. She shrugged her shoulders. Evidently something was the matter.

"Anything in which I can be of any service?" I inquired.

"No," she almost snapped out the monosyllable. It is not often that Mildred is so ill-tempered.

"You can put some coals on the fire if you like," she said. This was presumably meant as a concession to my possibly injured feelings.

I obeyed promptly.

"Now, then," I said in an encouraging tone, "what is it? Tell me all about it, and we'll see what can be done."

"Oh, it's nothing," she rejoined. It's all very silly."

"It's nothing, and it's all very silly," I commented. "Explain the paradox."

She tapped on the table with the point of her pencil. She seemed to be considering whether she would explain or not.

"Look at that," she said at length, deciding that she would. She handed me a sheet of paper on which she had penciled some columns of figures. "You might see if the totals are right."

I added up the columns and the total was quite right. "Nineteen pounds seven shillings and eightpence farthing," I said.

"You are sure?" she asked anxiously, but not hopefully.

"Quite sure," I said. "And what does this amount represent?"

"It represents the amount of those horrid bills," she picked up the little pile of papers as though she hated it—as I believe she did.

"And these bills are—unpaid?" I ventured.

"Every one of them," she replied bitterly.

"And I understand that you are the creditor?" I continued.

"Oh, don't for goodness sake, use such an appalling word!" she pleaded. "I owe all these bills."

"Why don't you pay them and get it over?" I suggested.

"I can't!" she declared.

"It was exactly what I had supposed. The amount is not very large."

At the present moment I have no doubt that I owe a great deal more than what is it—nineteen pounds seven shillings and eightpence farthing."

She ignored my confession of indebtedness in the most ungrateful way. She was too interested in her own trouble to worry over mine.

"Look here," she produced a purse from somewhere, as though by sleight of hand, and shook its contents out on the table. There were two sovereigns, one-half sovereign and some odd silver and coppers. "Count that up," she commanded.

I obeyed. "Two pounds fifteen shillings and fourpence," I said.

She glanced at another piece of paper. "That's right," she assented. "That's rather nice, isn't it?"

"Nineteen into two and a half won't go," I mused.

I picked up the bills and glanced at them. They all bore the names of various firms of drapers and milliners.

"You are quite certain that all these things are absolutely necessary?" I inquired. "There is nothing you can feel you might have done without?"

"Nothing at all. All men are alike. They all think that women can go about in rags."

"I like to see a woman well-dressed," I assured her. "Only I was wondering—"

"Well, then, don't wonder," she advised. "You don't understand anything at all about it, and your wondering can't do a bit of good."

"Won't your father—" I suggested.

"I haven't asked him," she said. "I have already had my quarter's allowance in advance, and that's all there is left of it." She pointed contemptuously at the little collection of coins.

"That was very improvident of you," I said.

She almost stamped her foot. "I asked you for advice," she reminded me. "Or rather you forced it on me. I didn't ask you for it—and I won't be lectured!"

"It's very awkward," I said thoughtfully. "Very awkward, indeed. You seem to be hopelessly involuntarily."

"And I shall owe ever so much more before long," she reminded me.

"Cannot you possibly avoid that?" I urged.

"How can I?" she demanded. "I must have clothes."

That seemed conclusive, and I felt that it would be as impolitic to argue as to lecture.

"The only thing to do," I said, "is to file your petition."

"What do you mean?"

"Become bankrupt," I explained.

That seemed to stagger her. She stared at me to see if I meant it, and I tried hard, and I think successfully, to look as though I did mean it.

"Nonsense!" she protested.

I shrugged my shoulders. "It's unpleasant," I admitted, "but very often it has to be done."

"And have my name in the newspapers?"

"That is one of the conditions. You see, when you came of age last March, and so many people gave you so many presents, you ceased to be legally irresponsible. You can become bankrupt now quite legitimately as can a stock broker."

"Won't?" she said, very emphatically.

"It may not rest with you," I reminded her. "One or more of these firms may apply for an order against you."

"Oh, but they wouldn't," she exclaimed.

"And," I went on, "even if they do not do that, they are almost sure to summon you in the county court. Surely you must understand that you can't run up bills in this way, without any means of paying them! At any rate, you can't do it with impunity! It looks so much like trying to swindle somebody."

"But I'm not trying to swindle anybody," she assured me. She was beyond the verge of tears now.

"Of course not," I agreed. "But in a county court they look upon every one as more or less of a swindler. The judge wouldn't know you so well as I do."

"Judges must be brutes," she avowed.

"It is not altogether their fault," I said. "Their calling makes them brutal."

"And what would happen then?" she inquired.

"It would depend on what sort of mood the judge was in," I said.

Women's Dep't.

Child Labor and Woman Suffrage

A few days ago, in the course of a speech on child labor Senator Beveridge said:

"While the white working people of the South, composing the enormous majority of the entire white stock of that section, are increasingly sending their children to the mills and thus wrecking the future of the white race, the negroes of the South are increasingly sending their children to school, and thus improving the future of the black race. We are deliberately weakening the white race of the South, while gradually strengthening the black race of the South. And to what end? To the end that the already unhealthily fortunes of the Northern capitalists who own these Southern cotton mills shall be made still greater. The nation is alarmed over the meritorious power of unrighteous fortunes; and yet we go on swelling those fortunes with the blood and lives of American children."

Southern women have repeatedly petitioned their legislatures for laws prohibiting child labor, but vainly, for Southern women cannot vote. In Colorado, where women can vote, the rights of children are fully protected, and a bill prohibiting child labor was one of the first fruits of woman suffrage. —Lida Calvert Obenebach.

Fanny Crosby, the blind hymn-writer, has just brought out her autobiography of eighty years. Her address is 756 State street, Bridgeport, Conn.

The Conubial Aeroplane.

Smith—"Oh! do sit still, dear. What are you wriggling about for?"

Mrs. S.—"I was only putting my hat straight, darling."

Smith—"Never mind your hat. I want to keep her quiet steady. Don't you see that chap down there taking a snap shot at us?"

Mrs. S.—"Of course, I do. That's why I wanted—. Look out, dear, here comes the Browns. They live in the white house just below us, you know. Bow, dear, they're quite good people."

Smith—"He can't steer straight! any-how—barging us into a beastly patch of chimney smoke like that."

Mrs. S.—"Look out there's a crowd coming. Oh, do be careful, it's one of those fierce ones."

Smith—"Where? Which way? I can't see it."

Mrs. S.—"On your left. He's coming right at us—. O o oh!"

Smith—"Missed him by a hair, by Jove! Confound these birds, we shall have to exterminate them."—Punch.

"I take it, from the ruddy color on your cheeks, that you have just returned from your vacation," remarked the man just across the aisle in the day coach.

"I have," replied the young man pleasantly.

"I suppose you feel that you have gained strength?" went on the first man to speak.

"I feel equal to anything," said the enthusiastic man.

"Well, will you please come over here and try to open this window?"—Yonkers Statesman.

A stranger wishing to play golf at North Berwick saw some one in authority upon the matter.

"What name?" asked the dignified official in charge.

"Do Neufville," the stranger replied.

"Mon," said the official to a tons of disgust, "we cannot find records with names like that at North Berwick. You'll start in the morning at ten fifteen to the name of Fairgusson."—Blackwood's Magazine.

The Patient—You charged me three dollars on August twentieth.

The Doctor—Yes; three dollars is my charge for office visits.

"But I wasn't in the office. You came out on the piazza to see me."

"Oh, did I? Then the charge will be five dollars. That is my charge when I go out of my office!"

Acum—Given any thought to your boy's Christmas gift yet?

Kloosman—Why, yes, I've thought up a splendid idea, but it would be just my luck to have no snow Christmas time.

Acum—Oh a sled, eh?

Kloosman—No, I thought I might build him a snow man. —Catholic Standard and Times.

Pleasant Farmer—If you don't bring this case to an end pretty soon I propose to hire another lawyer.

Old Lawyer—I would consider that most disloyal. Here, after I've handled this same case for your father and grandfather, you all of a sudden threaten to desert me.—Lustige Blätter

The Preacher—Deacon, I was surprised to see a beer wagon standing before your door today.

The Deacon—Well—er you see, parson, my neighbors boys as temperance people, and they don't like to have the beer wagon stop in front of their houses when its delivering beer to them.

He was to make his first appearance on any stage in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Just before the curtain went up he turned to the stage manager.

"Are those the bloodhounds howling?" he asked.

The stage manager looked around.

"No," he replied, "that's the audience."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"You say," was the question, although it is not recorded who had the temerity to ask, "that you are twenty-six?"

"Yes," she confessed—and it is possible that she was in a mesmeric state; "marked down from forty-one, owing to the competition in the matrimonial market."—Puck.

"You say there is more wealth in the mine than they will ever be able to take out?"

Absolutely. There's ten thousand of my money in it and I know for a fact they will never be able to get that much out."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

"Do you believe the biblical version of the origin of man or that he sprang from the monkey?"

"Both. I believe Adam was created a man and made a monkey of himself by taking his wife's advice on the raw food fad."—Kansas City Star.

She (after a quarrel).—I wouldn't cry for the best man living, so there!

He—You don't have to cry for him dear; you've got him.—Yonkers Statesman.

Owing to the overcrowded condition of our columns

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Mailed queries in brief as is consistent with brevity. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. Transcribing queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
Miss E. M. TILLEY,
care Newport Historical Society,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1907.

NOTES.

MATTHEW WEST
HISDESCENDANTS AND RELATIVES
WITH

NEW JERSEY PATENTS.

By Mrs. H. Ruth Cooke.

James and Hannah (Eagle) Lippincott had Samuel Lippincott who had Priscilla Bryant, 3 Thomas (5) Lippincott, md. in 1745 Rebecca Eldridge.

4. Abigail (5) Lippincott md. Thomas as Wives.

5. Ester (5) Lippincott md. John Roberts.

6. Thomas (5) Lippincott md. Mary Middleton.

7. Sarah (5) Lippincott md. in 1749, William Holmes.

Their mother was daughter of John and Ester Holmes.

Freedom (2) Lippincott, (Richard), had a daughter Mary Lippincott b. Nov. 21, 1690, named for her mother Mary Curtis, being her fourth child.

Mary married Edward Peake, mentioned in settlement of estate of John Heritage of New Garden, Gloucester Co. N. J., by his brother, Joseph Heritage (who married in 1697, Hannah Allen, daughter of Judah Allen, in Chester Meeting of Friends).

Account of said estate given April 10, 1718, showing payment to John Ransy, Nathan Stanbery, Elias Hugg, Thomas Denton, Mary Cook, Jane Smith, John Kay, John Estangu, Margaret Richardson, Samuel Burrows, Judah Williams, Samuel Edwards, Simon Clifton, Thomas Stoe, Edward Peake, William Matlack Scarr, Thomas Smith and Mary Heritage for nursing.

Judah Allen was of Everetham Township, Burlington Co., N. J., and his sister Esther Allen married James Adams of Chester Township, N. J., in Shrewsbury Meeting of Friends 2; 7mo; 1695.

James Adams made his will March 24, 1721, mentions his ten children, all married but three, and leaves a legacy to "kinawoman Vastie Allen". His wife Esther made her will July 7, 1722, mentions same children: Jedediah, Thomas, Elizabeth, Joseph, John, James, Ester, Hannah, Margaret and Pauleuse, and her brother Judah Allen, and Thomas French as executors, and Joseph Heritage as a witness.

The father of this John Heritage was Richard Heritage, who made his son John his heir and administrator. In 1708 John Heritage married Sarah Slocomb, who waived her right of administration on estate of her husband to her brother-in-law Joseph Heritage.

Freedom (2) Lippincott had a son Freedom (3) Lippincott, b. Feb. 6, 1693, d. 1781, who married Nov. 17, 1715 Elizabeth (Wills, daughter of John and Hope (Deleaste) Wills), and settled in Cropwell, Burlington Co., N. J.; they had a son Solomon (3) Lippincott, b. 1720; and in 1744 Sarah Cook in Everetham Meeting of Friends, Burlington Co. N. J., and Solomon had Elizabeth (3) Lippincott who married John Saunders. The brother of Solomon was Samuel (3) Lippincott, a Minister of Friends. Jacob Cozens, sergeant or weaver, was the first of the name in Jersey, of Gloucester Co., who, March 4, 1699 and Feb. 21, 1693-3 bought of John Dewbury 1-32 of a share in the First Tenth, which he sold to Benjamin Branton of Chenele Creek, Gloucester Co., N. J., July 25, 1698, Jacob then of Philadelphia.

Solomon Lippincott was of Greenwich Township, Gloucester Co., when he made his will 12; 4mo; 1795. To son Jacob Lippincott half the plantation on which he now dwells to be had off, my other lands as follows, viz. beginning in the line of William Pines land and in the middle of the public road which leads to my house onto the Salem road, then along the middle of said road to the bridge at the eastern end of the crossway, and along the same crossway to the corner of a lot which I conveyed to my said son Jacob by deed, dated Feb. 15, 1794, then by the same north 82 degrees and 30 m. west 16 chains, then down the same to John Gross's corner, then by his land to Samuel Pauls land, then by the same by the said Jacob Lippincott's other land to corner in William Pines line, containing 169 acres.

Also give son Jacob 18 acres adjoining Thomas Reeves land bounded by lot of Merimaduke Cooper, provided son Jacob pays all my just debts over and above my personal estate, which if he shall refuse or neglect to comply with that then my executors are authorized to sell the land and pay the debts; To two grandsons, John Saunders and Solomon Lippincott the third lot of land and swamp, as laid off in the draft of 162 acres; I give the plantation I now live on to the lawfully begotten of my son Daniel Lippincott already born or to be born, to be divided among them, to each son two shares and to each daughter one share, they not to enjoy any part of my estate during lifetime of my said son Daniel, but the said plantation I give in trust and charge to my trusty friends William White and Isaac Mills during the natural life of my said son Daniel, they to lease or work out the same yearly from the time of my decease during the natural life of my said son Daniel, and after deducting reasonable compensation for their trouble shall pay the remainder of such rent or amount of income yearly and every year to my said son Daniel except so much as may be wanting from time to time for repairs; if my friends die during life of Daniel then I appoint the Overseers of Friends meeting of Upper Greenwich for the time, being trustees in their stead, and if my son Daniel ever should conduct with prudence and economy and act in such a manner as the said William White and Isaac Mills, and Daniel Brown shall judge proper and advantageous, then they may suffer my said son Daniel to

live on my plantation as long as they think best, and no longer, and I order that there be no sale of timber upon said land, and I give son Daniel the ox wagon and two young mares and my wearing apparel; To two sons Jacob and Daniel I give all my books and in my daughter Elizabeth's children, to be equally divided; and to wife Mary (must be a second wife), all the estate she brought with her at marriage according to our agreement, and the brown mare and her colt, and my silver watch to her, and she to have the room back of the kitchen during her widowhood if she chooses to live in it, but not to put any tenant in it, and she to have pasture for a cow; I make Isaac Mills and William White executors. Witnesses William Pine, William Reghin, Gilbert Morris, (Feb. 30, p. 210).

To be continued.

QUERIES.

6259. STAPLES—Would like information concerning Thomas Staples of Newport, R. I., who, with wife Elizabeth, signed a deed Nov. 28, 1728.—R. F. D.

6270. TRIPP—Who was Elizabeth, wife of John Tripp, who signed deed at Newport, R. I., Sept. 15, 1732.—R. F. D.

6271. COWLEY—Who were the ancestors of Joseph Cowley, whose will was proved at Newport, R. I., April 5, 1762. Joseph Fox and Sarah James were witnesses?—R. F. D.

6272. FARRILL—Who were the successors of Patrick Farrill and his wife Rachel, of Newport, R. I., who signed deed Sept. 16, 1748?—R. F. D.

6273. CASWELL—Who was Lydia, wife of Job Caswell, who was of Newport, R. I. in 1758?—R. F. D.

6274. MARSHALL—Who were the parents of Peter Marshall, of Newport, R. I., whose inventory was taken at Newport, R. I. May 2, 1718?—R. F. D.

6275. SHAW—Who was the wife of John Shaw, of Newport, R. I., son of Silvanus, who was killed in the Revolutionary War. Did he have any children? He and Remembrance, children of Silvanus appear in Newport, R. I., as heirs in law to estate of Silvanus, in 1781. Would like further information concerning them.—G. S.

6176. WATERMAN—Col. John Waterman died Apr. 23, 1778. At his death, his son, Lieut. Thomas Waterman appeared and said he was the only son and had to support family. Whom did this Thomas Waterman marry, and were there descendants? Would be glad for any information concerning this family.—G. S.

6277. STODDARD—To what family of Stoddards did Jonathan belong, who was born in 1685, died Nov. 4, 1774, married 1724, Mary Dring, of Thomas and Mary (Butler) Dring, Mary was born April 23, 1690, died May 1785, Thomas Dring and Mary Butler were married May 21, 1696. Who were their ancestors?—L. N.

6278. HART—Who were the ancestors of Hannah, wife of Richard Hart? They had a daughter Alice, who was born 1670, died Mar. 11, 1718, married Apr. 7, 1670, George Pearce, of Richard and Susannah (Wright) Pearce. George Pearce was born 1662, died Sept. 1752.—L. N.

6279. BUTLER—Who were the parents of Mary Butler, who was born 1670, married Thomas Dring May 21, 1695. Would like his ancestry also.—L. N.

6280. GRAFTON—Who were the parents of Hannah Grafton, who married in 1692, Joseph Dowter, and died at Norwich, Conn., Oct. 12, 1741. What were the dates of birth and death of Joseph Dowter? They had a son John Dowter, who married May 1, 1744, Sarah Weatherdon. Can any one give me a complete list of their children? Who were the ancestors of Sarah Weatherdon?—A. C.

Household—I'm going to leave you, mum. I'm going to work for Mrs. Mousie, would you give me a reference, mum?

Mistress—To work for Mrs. Monk? Certainly! I'll give you a glowing reference. I hate that woman.—Scissors.

For Better Food and Better Pay
New Haven, Feb. 15.—A strike of deckhands and firemen on the steamer John H. Starin occurred while the steamer was lying at her dock getting ready for the trip to New York. The men demanded better food and better pay. The company's agent here persuaded the men to make the trip to New York last night and present their grievances to the officials in that city. This the men agreed to, and the steamer left here as usual.

Scarlet Fever Closes College
Amherst, Mass., Feb. 15.—On account of the outbreak of scarlet fever among students of Amherst college the institution will be closed until March 1. All students who are not residents of the city are expected to leave for their homes before 6 o'clock this evening, at which time the college gates will be locked. There are now five cases of scarlet fever among the students.

Railroad Collision Near Boston
Boston, Feb. 15.—An outward-bound train of express cars, struck the rear-end of an accommodation train in Somerville last night, severely injuring William S. White and giving several other persons on the rear end of the accommodation a bad shaking. White's left leg was badly fractured.

Wicked Treatment of Cattle
Washington, Feb. 15.—The department of justice is about to begin proceedings against a number of western railroads for violations of the law relating to the shipment of cattle. In many cases, it is alleged, cattle have been confined in cars without rest, food or water for 60 hours and in some cases 60 hours.

Tariff Memorial at Washington
Washington, Feb. 15.—The tariff memorial from Governor Gould has reached the White House. The president will confer with Senators Lodge and Crane before framing his reply.

Do You Prefer It?

Some people do. Don't just take to the motel beds, rather have all the pieces all alike. Well, just to show you how completely this book satisfies every whim and fancy and how easy it makes it for each one to gratify his pet hobby, here are

Chamber Suits in Bird's Eye.

Bed, Bureau and Commode, as graceful and refined in outline as the most fastidious would ask for. The wood is beautifully marked and the trimmings of cut brass are in perfect keeping.

The Bureau and Commode both have full swell top drawers, and the Bureau is ornamented with a large shaped mirror of clearest French plate.

\$40.00

CHIFFONIER TO MATCH \$15.00.

A. C. TITUS CO.

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To owners of Real Estate in Middletown and

Port-mouth. We have occasional calls for

property in this section. If you wish to dispose

of yours kindly let us know.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,

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If you have business to be transacted out of town and your presence is not absolutely necessary, save time and money by using the long-distance telephone.

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.,
LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE,
NEWPORT, R. I., 142 SPRING STREET.

HARVEST OF DEAD

Block Island Fishermen Gather
Bodies From the Sea

ONE DEATH IN HOSPITAL

Reduces Number of Survivors of
Larchmont Disaster to Eighteen—Medical Examiner Certifies Cause of Deaths as Freezing

Providence, Feb. 15.—The work of returning to their relatives and friends the bodies of the victims of the Larchmont disaster continues, many of those brought to the city being claimed yesterday, while late last night another grim loadout of 24 corpses came up the river from Block Island and was transferred to the morgue.

The authorities here number the identified dead as 54, including Samuel Larchmont of Manchester, N. H., who reached Block Island alive Tuesday morning and survived his terrible experience and sufferings long enough to reach a hospital here, where he died last evening. The only other body recovered which was not brought to the city was that of Harry Eckles of Block Island.

The death of Larchmont reduces the number of survivors to 15 and one of that number, Miss Sadie Golub of Boston, still remains at Block Island recovering from her sufferings and injuries.

The total number, according to all accounts, who sailed on the Larchmont on Monday night was 159. This includes 51 survivors, 51 identified dead and 57 missing, or unidentified dead.

While the identifications were in progress at the local morgue, lug Roger Williams was on his voyage of recovery of those bodies which the Block Island fishermen had hauled from the turbulent waters about the island Wednesday and yesterday. Yesterday's harvest from the sea numbered 22, and these bodies were taken to the wharf at the New Harbor, Block Island, to await transfer to the mainland. During the day two fishermen brought in a body apiece, one of which arrived early enough to be sent to the New Harbor wharf.

The tug arrived at the island at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon and two hours was consumed in carrying the bodies to her decks. She left at 5 o'clock, but on getting around Sandy point she was signalled to return, and the last body recovered by the Block Island fishermen, that of a negro, was sent on board. When this body was brought ashore at Block Island about dark, before it was sent to the tug, it was discovered that the man probably committed suicide by stabbing himself in the throat.

The tug, through the delay in returning for the last body, was delayed considerably and did not reach the dock here until 11 o'clock last night. The bodies, like those brought in Wednesday night, were in charge of Medical Examiner Champlin of Block Island, who certified the cause of death as freezing.

The weather changed yesterday from a cold northwester which has prevailed since the wreck to a mild blow from the southward, and under these conditions it is expected that no more victims will be found in the vicinity

of Block Island. It is thought other bodies still remain afloat they will be cast up on the southern shores of Rhode Island and perhaps to the westward of Buzzards bay, on the Massachusetts coast.

Woman Pushed From Lifeboat

Block Island, R. I., Feb. 15.—One survivor of the Larchmont disaster, Miss Sadie Golub of Boston, still remains on the island, where she is being cared for at the home of George Miliken. She stated to several newspaper men that when she begged other Captain McVey or Purser Young to take her in their boat they pushed her back, and the lifeboat left the Larchmont with only six in it, although it would have held 20 more. When the steamer went down she found herself on a piece of wreckage and remained on it until picked up 10 hours later by the crew of the fishing schooner Elsie. Miss Golub was very emphatic in her charges against McVey and the officers of the Larchmont.

Miss Golub, who had remained unconscious since being brought ashore, regained her senses yesterday afternoon and was very eager to make a statement. Her condition was so grave Wednesday that it was impossible to take her to Providence with the other survivors, but it is stated that she will recover, although her hands and feet are badly frostbitten.

COLOR LINE IN SCHOOLS

Two College Presidents and a Bishop in Its Favor

Boston, Feb. 15.—President Eliot of Harvard university, President Frost of Berea college, Kentucky, and Bishop Lawrence of this city, before the Twentieth Century club last night, expressed themselves as being more or less in favor of separate schools for whites and blacks.

President Eliot defended the separate school system of the south and said that the 30 negro students now at Harvard are not enough to make an influence for evil on the student mass of the university. He said, however, that if the number increased to any extent he should favor a separation.

President Frost described the conditions and methods of conducting the Berea college, where both races are separated.

Bishop Lawrence agreed with Eliot to a certain extent. He thought that there might be separate institutions when the two populations were nearly equal. He said that in Boston today negroes are being excluded from hotels, different trades and Sunday schools.

Opinions of Secretary Shaw

Springfield, Mass., Feb. 15.—Secretary of the Treasury Shaw was the principal speaker at the annual dinner of the Board of Trade last evening. He explained at length his position in regard to free ports and said that he saw no harm in the fact that some American goods are exported at prices lower than they sell for at home. Whatever trade policy or regulations the United States may adopt, he said, they should prevail throughout the entire country and no special regulations should be made to suit sectional conditions.

For Immediate Tariff Revision

Boston, Feb. 13.—A petition to the president and congress urging immediate action for revision of the tariff was dispatched from this city, bearing the signatures of Governor Gould, President Chapple of the senate, Speaker Cole of the house and 222 out of 250 members of the legislature, without regard to party.

Jarring Realism.

A popular novelist described at a dinner in New York the difference between realism and romanticism in fiction. "To make my meaning clearer," said the author, "I will take the case of a young man and a girl—sweethearts. The young man, a romanticist, said passionately to his girl, 'Darling, it shall be my life's one purpose to surround you with every comfort and to anticipate and gratify your every wish.' The girl, a realist, smiled faintly as she answered, 'Oh, Jack, how good of you, and all on 30 a week too!'

Marrying an Opera Company.

The late "Aunt" Louisa Eldridge, meeting a reporter on one of the New York papers, learned that William Russell was to be married to Signor Perugini.

"Isn't she clever?" quoth Mrs. Eldridge. "Why, she first married a leader of the orchestra, then a composer of comic operas, and now she will wed a tenor. Bless my heart! If she keeps on, she'll have an entire operatic outfit of her own."

Baby's Progress.

"How is Billy's baby boy getting along?"

"Fine. I was up there yesterday and was surprised to learn that he is beginning to talk."

"Does he pronounce his words plainly?"

"Not very. They sound like a railroad brakeman calling out stations."

—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Serve, lady, I'm dat hungry I don't know w'at to do. I ain't had nothin'— Mrs. Goodart—Walk around to the kitchen, poor man, and you shall be fed. Lazy Larry—Aw, say, dat's a purty long walk, lady. Couldn't yer hand it out here just as well?—Catholic Standard and Times.

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC. SHERIFF'S OFFICE, }
Newport, December 31st, A. D. 1906.
BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution, Number 326, issued by the District Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island, within and for the County of Newport, on the twenty-seventh day of November, A. D. 1906, and returnable to the said Court on the first day of February, A. D. 1907, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the thirteenth day of November, A. D. 1906, in favor of The Gardiner B. Reynolds Company, a corporation created under the laws of the State of Rhode Island, and located in Newport, in said State, plaintiff, against J. M. Hodgson, a corporation created under the laws of the State of New York, in said State, defendant, I have this day at 10 minutes past 11 o'clock, at the said execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, or either of them, had in the said property, in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in said State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded: All that certain tract of land with buildings and improvements thereon, bounded Easterly, on Spring street, 254 feet; Southerly, on fronting avenue, 225 feet; Westerly, on land of Elsie and of Gorman, 223.1 feet; and Northerly, on Webster street, 283 feet, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

I have also this 31st day of December, A. D. 1906, at 6 minutes past 11 o'clock, a. m., levied the said execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, or either of them, had in the said property, in and to a certain parcel of land containing 6000 square feet in said Newport, bounded Southerly, on Narragansett street, 50 feet; Easterly, on Webster street, 223.1 feet; Northerly, on Webster street, 283 feet, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

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